

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF AMY WINEHOUSE

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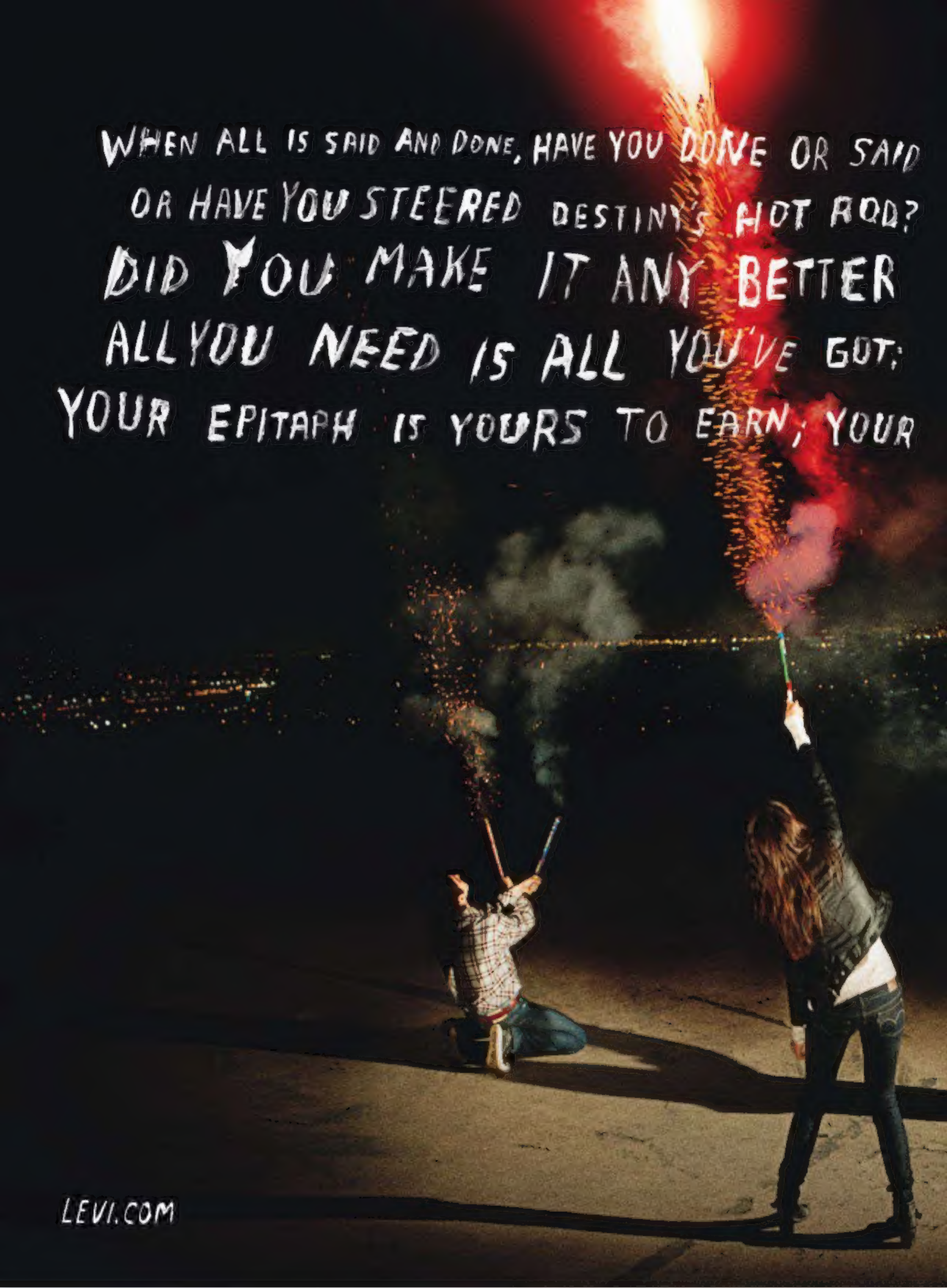
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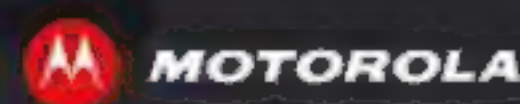
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ROLLING STONE | AUGUST 18, 2011

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Amy Winehouse 1983-2011

Winehouse, who died on July 23rd, was a diva with demons. We trace her last years, from her Camden apartment to her Caribbean retreat, and show the Winehouse friends knew: a sweet, maternal soul with an endless appetite for self-destruction. *By* JENNY ELISCU



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ON THE COVER The Sheepdogs (Leot Hanson, Ryan Gullen, Ewan Currie, Sam Corbett, from left), photographed at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, Brooklyn, on July 11th, 2011, by **Danny Clinch**.

Styling by Robert Molnar. Hair by Peter Butler for Garnier Fructis. Makeup by Frances Hathaway for MAC & Yonka at JUMP. Hanson's shirt by What Goes Around Comes Around, shoes by John Varvatos. Gullen's pants and shirt by What Goes Around Comes Around. Currie's vest by What Goes Around Comes Around, pants and shoes by John Varvatos. Corbett's pants by What Goes Around Comes Around, shirt by John Varvatos.

The return of Feist. Pg. 22



Beavis and Butt-Head are back - and Mike Judge tells us all about it. Pg. 20



FROM TOP: WPN/PHOTOSHOT; MARY ROZZI; MIKE JUDGE/MTY

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Cee Lo Visits 'Rolling Stone'

The voice behind "Fuck You" (a.k.a. "Forget You") and "Crazy" talks about the future of Gnarlz Barkley ("Danger Mouse is as preoccupied as I am") and his return to the studio with his old group, Southern hip-hop legends Goodie Mob.



PHOTO GALLERIES



Tom Morello's Comic Book



Rock-Star Tattoos

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Arcade Fire Rock Outside Lands

Complete coverage of the festival, featuring Phish, Arcade Fire and Muse.

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Ukulele Explosion!

Uke virtuoso Jake Shimabukuro shows off his jaw-dropping finger-picking skills.

WYREN

RS Live: Old 97s

The Dallas country rockers play tracks from their new album and cover the Beatles' "I'll Cry Instead."

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Daily Threat Assessment

Who's with us and who's against us? A photo gallery of the day's wildest news stories, both good and bad.

READER LIST



U2's 10 Greatest Songs

"Where the Streets Have No Name," "Beautiful Day" or "One"? We asked our readers to vote on their all-time favorite U2 songs; now you can check out the list and read the stories behind the winners.

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She is a thing of beauty

Correspondence

Love Letters & Advice



Hello Kitty

"LITTLE MISS SUNSHINE" [RS 1134/1135] illuminated the ever-vivacious and in-your-face style of Katy Perry and definitely elevated my respect for her. She has a wonderful sense of self that I didn't see before this article. Kudos, Katy Perry, kudos.

Jessica Ball, Charleston, WV

IT WAS SO GREAT TO SEE that Katy Perry has some political interests. It's just disappointing that her songs are about blacking out on Friday nights, kissing girls, waking up in Vegas and other irrelevant subjects. She should sing about the important issues mentioned in the article and open the eyes of her fans!

Mark Appleby, Bozeman, MT

WHEN EVEN BUBBLEGUM pop stars start talking about

issues like fracking and health care, it means we may just be able to redirect the crash course this country is on.

Andy Fish, Portland, OR

I ENJOYED ERIK HEDEGAARD's story on Katy Perry. It sort of made me fall in love with her, despite finding all her songs beyond terrible.

Ethan Kutinsky, Seattle

The Crusader

"MICHELE BACHMANN'S Holy War" [RS 1134/1135], by Matt Taibbi, was a great read. The imagery of her squatting in the bushes and then screaming when confronted by a couple of lesbians bowled me over. Her message is loud and clear, and one based on hate. I don't think God has anything to do with what she's doing.

David Virgin, Miami Beach

I LOVE IT WHEN TAIBBI USES his razor-sharp wit to go after GOP goofballs. I know it's red meat for liberals, but it is a seriously tasty snack. His evisceration of Bachmann was as hilarious as it was scary.

Steve Bennett, Syracuse, NY

TAIBBI IS JOURNALISM'S Lisa Simpson! If only more writers had his keen ability to cut through the smoke and mirrors to the diseased heart of the crap being flung at us.

Jim Otey, Selma, CA

Global Crisis

THANK YOU FOR HAVING the balls to print Al Gore's essay "Climate of Denial" [RS 1134/1135]. As Gore says, most of our media outlets are too dependent on corporate dollars to print the reality of our current situation. It is refreshing to see that ROLLING STONE still has a voice. Hopefully it will resonate.

Kathrin Majic, Toronto

THE PIECE BY AL GORE IS another alarming spotlight on how the distortions of reality by the special-interest groups of the extreme right place our country at risk. How sad that

the woman accused of murdering her roommate in Italy, and for years I have had lingering doubts that she was guilty. After reading your piece, I am certain she was wrongly convicted. I hope that she will be acquitted of this crime. Thank you, ROLLING STONE, for excellent reporting.

Dudley Evenson
Bellingham, WA

Morning Glory

THE MY MORNING JACKET article by Brian Hiatt ["My Morning Jacket's Unbroken Circle," RS 1134/1135] was fantastic. They are the best band in America today. My only complaint is that they should have been on the cover.

Jeff Davies, Sinking Spring, PA

Band Aid

"THE DARK SIDE OF CELEBRITY Charities" [Rock & Roll, RS 1134/1135], by David Browne, was insightful. In 1975, Harry

"After reading your well-researched article about Amanda Knox, I am certain she was wrongly convicted."

the Supreme Court and Fox "News" deprived us of President Gore. How different our history could have been.

George Lotter, via the Internet

Murder in Italy

YOUR WELL-RESEARCHED article about Amanda Knox ["The Neverending Nightmare of Amanda Knox," RS 1134/1135] moved me to write about her case. For years I have heard about this young Seat-

Chapin pioneered the "do something" credo and started the organization WhyHunger. Thirty-six years later, we are still fighting for the 49 million Americans who do not have access to daily meals. I encourage artists to partner with an established organization with a track record of success, rather than fund their own foundations. Starting your own charity muddies the already challenging waters and misses the opportunity to strengthen the work of long-standing, respected organizations.

Hillary Zuckerberg
Director of Artists Against
Hunger & Poverty, WhyHunger
New York

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What They're Saying

The buzz about "Climate of Denial" [RS 1134/1135]

FORMER VICE PRESIDENT Al Gore's report on climate change, President Obama and corporate obstruction of reform set off a fierce debate. The climate-change deniers predictably attacked the piece. Usual suspects like the Heartland Institute, a libertarian think tank that has been funded by the oil and gas industries, hurled insults and tried to dismiss Gore's ar-

Climate of Denial

Can you say and do, with no regard for the inclusion of global...



gument as "an absurd morality play." But the League of Conservation Voters praised Gore's essay as "a must read," while the influential environmental site DeSmogBlog hailed it as "clear, quotable and uncompromising." *The New York Times* also weighed in, calling Gore's climate takedown a "full-bore assault on ideologues and special interests."

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AUGUST 7	WANTAGH, NY	AUGUST 20	CHICAGO, IL	SEPTEMBER 9	KANSAS CITY, MO	SEPTEMBER 20	CHARLOTTE, NC	OCTOBER 1	ANAHEIM, CA
AUGUST 9	BOSTON, MA	AUGUST 21	CINCINNATI, OH	SEPTEMBER 10	INDIANAPOLIS, IN	SEPTEMBER 21	ATLANTA, GA	OCTOBER 2	SACRAMENTO, CA
AUGUST 11	BUFFALO, NY	AUGUST 23	MILWAUKEE, WI	SEPTEMBER 11	DETROIT, MI	SEPTEMBER 22	WEST PALM BEACH, FL	OCTOBER 5	MOUNTAIN VIEW, CA
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Rock & Roll



Tough Times for Rock Radio

With big stations closing, it's getting hard to hear new rock
By Steve Knopper

IF YOU WANT TO HEAR the latest Red Hot Chili Peppers or Mumford & Sons singles on the radio in New York or Chicago, your options just shrank: In July, two major alternative stations - Q101 in Chicago and WRXP in New York - announced they would abandon the rock format. Q101 had been influential for two decades, helping make stars of Pearl Jam, Rage Against the Machine, Smashing Pumpkins and many others. WRXP's departure, meanwhile, means that there's only one major rock station left in New York: the classic-rock station Q104.3.

The changes are the latest setbacks for rock radio, which has been declining in influence for most of the past decade. According to Nielsen Broadcast Data Systems, a Number One rock hit now reaches 13 million listeners - a fraction of the 138 million who hear a Top 40 chart-topper. That's bad news for rock artists looking to build careers, and for veteran acts trying to stay afloat. "It lessens a manager's ability to sell records and concert tickets," says Daniel Field, Weezer's manager. "As the radio has less and less rock music, it hurts the entire business - and less and less kids grow up appreciating the music I love."

Double Threat: Kanye and Jay-Z Unveil LP, Tour

Inside the rap titans' grand plan to rule 2011
By Simon Vozick-Levinson

THE MOST ANTICIPATED rap event of the year is finally here: Jay-Z and Kanye West (a.k.a. the Throne) will release their full-length collaboration, *Watch the Throne*, on iTunes on August 8th, with an arena tour to follow in the fall. To say expectations are high would be a major understatement. "Fuck it, it's non-arguable," West told *ROLLING STONE* while the LP was taking

shape. "Me and Jay-Z are the two most influential rappers of the last decade. We know how to make music that changes what everyone else does."

Watch the Throne came together in top-secret sessions in England, Paris, Australia, Los Angeles and New York, whenever the two MCs' schedules

"Me and Jay-Z are the most influential rappers of the last decade," says Kanye.

allowed them to meet in person. "If we were gonna do it, we were gonna do it together," Jay-Z recently said. "No mailing it in." Their chemistry is off the charts on the resulting tracks, as the pair trade witty and introspective rhymes over massive wall-of-sound synths, hard-hitting drums and vintage-soul samples. Only a few guests show up, including Beyoncé (who delivers a huge, radio-ready hook on "Lift Off") and Odd Future crooner Frank Ocean (who nearly steals the show on his two appearances). West produced [Cont. on 18]

The most successful rock stations often don't play new music. Classic rock is the most popular rock format, climbing from 4.7 to 4.9 percent of the overall listening audience from 2006 to 2010, according to Arbitron. Seeing those numbers, many alternative-rock and hard-rock stations are shifting their emphasis to older tunes. "Much of the research that rock-radio stations are doing is driving them toward catalog product and away from newer stuff," says Fred Jacobs, a Detroit radio consultant. As a result, new singles in the rock format tend to drop quickly off the charts, compared to the pop and R&B hits that can hang around for months at a time. "Especially for rock bands, it's hard to have any chance to cross over," says Bob McLynn, manager of Fall Out Boy, Hole and Train.

Another reason that rock stations in major markets may be growing more conservative is the Portable People Meter—a pagerlike gadget introduced a few years ago that has shaken up the way ratings are determined. In the past, sample listeners had to remember which stations they heard and record the information in written diaries. Now the PPM, affixed to those listeners' clothing, automatically detects every radio station they hear—even in public places like restaurants and grocery stores. Some radio professionals say the PPM's super-accurate data has had the effect of pushing programmers away from taking chances on new or unfamiliar songs. "Everybody's over-researching the radio stations, especially with



SIGH NO MORE Rock acts like Mumford & Sons (left) and the Chili Peppers have been affected by rock radio's decline.

the PPM," says Tim Virgin, who was Q101's music director until recently. "The minute people hear things they don't know, they're gone. So stations are surrounding themselves with familiar hits."

Some radio insiders say rock's recent struggles have been exaggerated, citing successful rock stations like Phil-

"As radio has less rock, it hurts the entire business," says a manager.

adelphia's WMMR, Seattle's KISW and Los Angeles' KLOS. While the total number of rock stations has not increased in recent years, it's true that, overall, rock listeners have increased from 11.6 percent of the adult market in 2006 to

12.3 percent late last year, according to Arbitron. "Rock's pretty darn healthy, all things considered," says Bill Rose, the media-research firm's senior marketing vice president. Although reps from large radio chains Clear Channel and CBS wouldn't comment on the record, a CBS spokesperson complained, "This move [of Q101 and WRXP] shouldn't spell the demise of the entire format. Clearly we have several stations thriving in the format."

And while Q101 and WRXP are gone, some are optimistic that new alt-rock stations could ultimately take their place on the airwaves in Chicago and New York. "We're sad, we're disappointed," says Daniel Glass, New York-based owner of Glassnote Records, whose acts Mumford & Sons and Phoenix got heavy airplay on WRXP. "But some radio-chain owner is going to get smart. I do see a well-run, hip, cool, rock-leaning station starting here. If I was CBS Radio, I would do it in a minute. I see it coming." ☐

KANYE WEST AND JAY-Z

[Cont. from 17] much of the album himself, with assists from old-school vets such as Q-Tip and RZA. "Kanye asked me to send tracks while they were in Australia," says RZA, who produced the grimy "New Day." "I wanted to send them real edgy shit. This project is the best of many worlds—I'm really honored to be a part of it."

Jay-Z and Kanye have taken an unusually understated ap-

proach to rolling out *Watch the Throne*, avoiding media appearances and choosing the hook-free rhyme-fest "Otis" as their lead single—catnip for hardcore fans, but not so much for radio promoters. Another sign that maximizing sales might not be a priority: The deluxe two-CD edition of *Watch the Throne* will only be available in Best Buy for the first 10 days, shutting out independent retailers. And in the biggest gamble of all, they're

giving the album away as a free download for anyone who buys presale tickets to their fall tour. "For these guys, it's really smart," says Jim Guerinot, manager of No Doubt, who gave away the band's entire back catalog to ticketholders on its 2009 reunion tour. "The fans will get the chance to come in knowing the full album. It's not the most financially rewarding way of doing it, but that's not what these guys are trying to do." ☐

IN THE NEWS

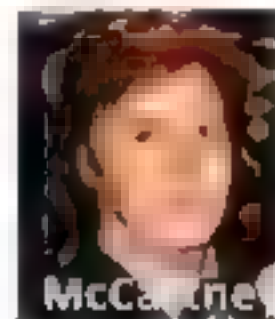
The Who plan 'Quadrophenia' tour next year

The Who are preparing to perform the 1973 rock opera on tour next year—as soon as **Roger Daltrey** finishes his current solo run singing *Tommy*. "I don't belong on this *Tommy* tour," **Pete Townshend** wrote on his website. "I wish him well, sincerely, and I look forward to playing with Roger again doing *Quadrophenia* next year." In 1996, the Who launched a reunion tour where they performed *Quadrophenia* in full for the first time, and just last year they played it for charity in London. A deluxe *Quadrophenia* box set is due in the fall.



Maysles doc on 9/11 concert coming to cable

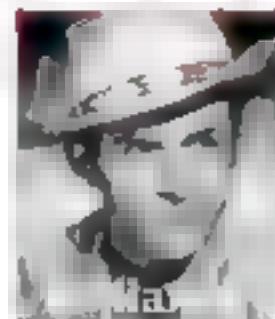
A few weeks after September 11th, 2001, filmmaker **Albert Maysles** got a call from **Paul McCartney**. "He said, 'There's going to be a concert in two



weeks—let's make a film,'" says Maysles. Ten years later, *The Love We Make*—a 90-minute documentary about the McCartney-organized all-star Concert for New York City, where he performed with **Mick Jagger**, **Keith Richards**, **Elton John** and **Jay-Z**—will debut on Showtime in September. Shot mostly in black-and-white 16-millimeter, the movie includes cinéma-vérité-style footage from before and during the show. "It's not just a concert film," adds Maysles. "Some of the most interesting moments are offstage."

Lost Hank Williams tunes to be released

When Williams died in 1953, the country legend left behind notebooks full of unrecorded lyrics. Now, stars including **Bob Dylan**, **Jack White** and



Merle Haggard have set those words to new music for *The Lost Notebooks of Hank Williams*, due October 4th. Dylan, who is releasing the disc on his Egyptian Records label, contributed the mournful ballad "The Love That Faded."

The notebooks will be shown at the Country Music Hall of Fame in Nashville through December 31st.

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Concert Biz Scores With Groupon Deals

Promoters slash prices for last-minute tickets on daily-deal websites

THREE WEEKS BEFORE Britney Spears' July 1st show at the Rogers Arena in Vancouver, promoters decided to try something new. Using Groupon, they put hundreds of seats on sale for as little as half the original prices of \$60-\$175. "It was incredible," says Larry Rudolph, Spears' manager. "Every ticket we put up blew out in moments. It's an amazing tool to build an additional fan base."

In the past year, promoters have embraced Groupon and similar services like Gilt City, Yipit and Scorebig - offering cheap tickets to see artists from Kid Rock (four tickets for \$79 on Groupon) to Best Coast (\$10 on Gilt City). It's an encouraging development for the concert business, which is on the rebound from last year's terrible summer. "The discounting vehicles we were using in 2009 and 2010 were not adequate," says Mark Campana, co-president for North American concerts at Live Nation, which partnered with Groupon in May. "We were painting with a very large brush - if you did a \$10 discounting day, all the



Cheap Thrills

Groupon sold discounted tickets to see Kid Rock (1) and Britney Spears (2), while Pop Market slashed the price of an Aretha Franklin box set (3).

shows would be at \$10. Groupon allows us to market with precision."

For example, while the New Kids on the Block/Backstreet Boys tour sold more than 600,000 tickets this spring, it was slow in three or four markets, including San Antonio and Phoenix. Days before those shows, a few thousand tickets showed up on Groupon for as little as \$22, filling the venues. "The people that may only go to one or two shows a year - you might be able to reach them on

Groupon, where they feel like they've got a deal," says Peter Katsis, manager of Backstreet Boys. "It becomes a great, go-to, last-minute way to reach far more people."

But some observers worry these deals can make artists look desperate - or even train fans to expect last-minute bargains. "It doesn't help to have the music fan sitting back and waiting for the Groupon deal to come," says John Scher, a vet-

eran New York promoter and co-manager of Simon and Garfunkel. But Live Nation's Campana insists that sales have been more efficient this summer than ever: So far, 90 percent of tickets have been sold at full retail price, compared to much lower numbers in recent years.

While Groupon has offered some digital-album deals - \$5 for Rihanna's *Loud*, \$6 for a live David Gray LP - those remain less common than concert specials, in part because sales and profits aren't high enough, according to label sources. Sony Music found a way around that problem last fall by jumping directly into the online-deal business with Pop Mar-

ket, a site that sells drastically discounted box sets by artists like Bruce Springsteen (the four-disc *Tracks* for \$25) and Aretha Franklin (11 discs for \$100). "Some of the online discount retailers ask for such a significant part of the price that it doesn't make it worthwhile to do it," says David Griffith, Sony's senior vice president of marketing and partnerships. "In doing our own, we've come up with a model that works." **STEVE KNOPPER**

Mike Judge Brings Back 'Beavis and Butt-Head'

The duo's creator on the show's return to MTV

This year's Comic-Con in San Diego featured Steven Spielberg and the stars of the new *Spider-Man* and *Twilight* movies - but the most joyously received guest was *Beavis and Butt-Head* creator Mike Judge, who is bringing the duo back to MTV in October. We caught up with him after his panel, where he debuted the first new footage of the duo in 14 years.

Why now?

MTV has been wanting a sequel ever since the first movie came out, but

I was just doing other things. But they came to me recently about bringing back the series, and I realized I had some cool characters and they were really fun to do. And it was already a hit, so if it doesn't go over this time it's not a big deal.

They're not just watching videos this time - they're also commenting on shows like *Teen Mom* and *Jersey Shore*.

Back in the day, I had tried to have them watch *The Real World*, but it was kind of hard with dialogue over dialogue, and music videos were just working so well. But this time it just really



clicked. 16 and Pregnant

and *Teen Mom* are just really prime territory for *Beavis and Butt-Head*.

They're still 15 years old. Did you ever think about aging them?

How old was Bugs Bunny? You don't even think about it. There's

one episode where they're in their late eighties and in a nursing home. I wouldn't mind more of that. I like them as teenagers and really old. It's the middle part I'm not that interested in.

Most people assume they're in *Butt-Head's* house, since he's the

leader, but it was never totally clear. Are they?

I always imagined it was *Butt-Head's* house. We did show his bedroom once, and it was a complete mess, with matches everywhere.

Are you bringing Daria back?

No, but there's sort of a cameo in one episode. That'll be a surprise. I hear she moved on to the other series. I didn't watch much of it, though.

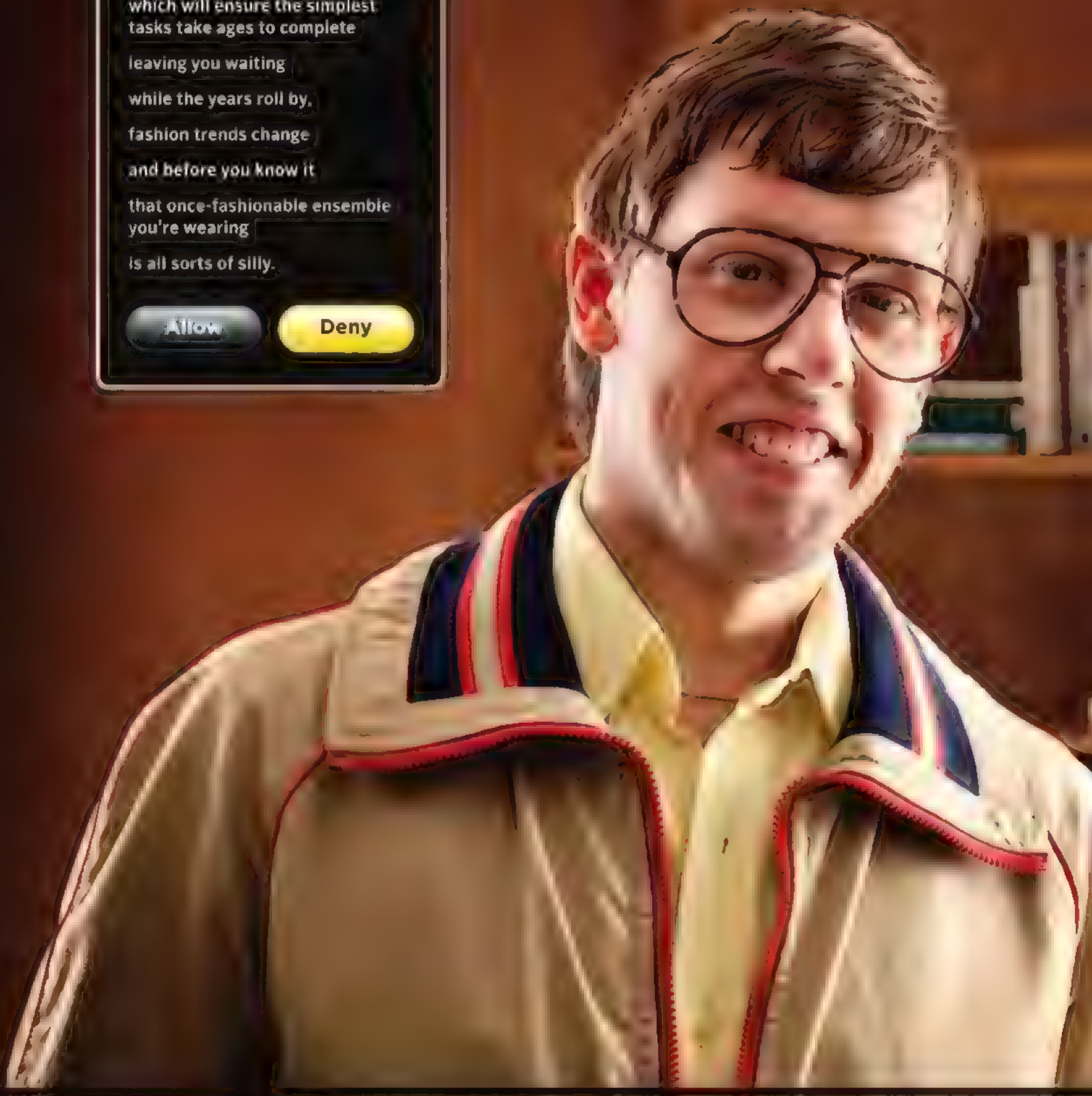
How long do you see the show lasting?

I think a year or two. I guess I always think like that, though - sort of like an alcoholic who just thinks one year at a time.

ANDY GREENE

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IN THE STUDIO



"I just wanted to remember what it is to be still."

PRECIOUS METALS After making it big with 2007's *The Reminder*, Feist took time off before heading to Big Sur to record a follow-up album in a converted barn overlooking the ocean.

Four Years After '1234,' Feist Returns With Raw Follow-Up

Canadian songwriter and friends craft gorgeous new disc in Big Sur barn

THE LAST TIME FEIST recorded an album, it was in a 19th-century French manor house with the windows open and the birds singing. For the follow-up, she found an even mellower spot, building a studio in a converted barn in the California hippie-

Album Metals
Due Out October 4th

chic enclave of Big Sur. "On one side, you have the cliffs and the ocean - on the other, it's forest and craggy rock," says the Canadian songwriter and sometime member of indie collective Broken Social Scene. "Your guard has no choice but to come down."

Feist's breakthrough album, 2007's *The Reminder*, went gold and turned mainstream ears on to her artful, pliable pop - largely thanks to an iPod Nano ad featuring the super-catchy singalong "1234." But

as her crowds got bigger - including a *Saturday Night Live* gig - the singer decided to slow things down. "I just wanted to remember what it is to be still," she says. She spent her break catching up on classic fiction ("I read every word that Steinbeck ever wrote") and collaborating on *Look at What the Light Did Now*, a documentary about *The Reminder* that also includes footage from her early days.

Last year, she finally felt ready to start work on the follow-up, writing by herself in Toronto. "I had the advantage of enough time passing that I didn't feel any psychic weight of responsibility to expectations," she says. She brought in multi-instrumentalists Chilly Gonzales and Mocky, percussionist Dean Stone and Beck's keyboardist, Brian LeBarton, to fine-tune arrangements; in February, everyone headed to Big Sur, where they recorded for two and a half weeks with Björk collaborator Valgeir Sigurðsson. "We tried to record *The Reminder* live, but there ended up being a lot of overdubs and

enhancing," Feist says. "This time, we had the arrangements completely done by the time we were in front of microphones."

The resulting 12 tracks hover between quiet and noise, as Feist sings of steadying herself after a failed relationship. "It turned broke what was right," she whispers on the harried "A Commotion." "Undiscovered First" erupts from bare-bones guitar into a symphony of clangs, while hypnotic closer "Get It Wrong, Get It Right" marries intricate, pretty instrumentation to raw vocals.

While there's nothing nearly as sticky as "1234" on *Metals*, Feist won't rule out licensing her music again: "I'll wait and see whether or not I'll be as motivated - or as naive - to say yes or no to certain things." Her focus for now is on rehearsing for a fall tour and setting the new tunes to visuals. "I've seen how songs with videos are the ones that survive beyond the album," she says. "They're like the kid with the bike versus the kid that has roller skates."

MONICA HERRERA

STUDIO NOTES



Cee Lo preps Gnarls, Goodie Mob LPs

Cee Lo Green is staying busy in between seasons of *The Voice*. The Atlanta artist is already at work on a follow-up to last year's solo disc *The Lady Killer* - plus new albums with Gnarls Barkley (his alt-pop project with producer Danger Mouse) and Goodie Mob (the influential Southern hip-hop group). "We have more than a few songs for the new album," says Cee Lo, of his first LP with Goodie Mob since 1999's *World Party*. "I feel very enthusiastic about being able to give it my undivided attention." He's also looking forward to finishing a third Gnarls Barkley album, for which they have four or five songs done, as soon as he and Danger Mouse have time. "He's about as preoccupied as I am at the moment," says Green of the producer, who recently finished recording the Black Keys' next album and is also working with U2. "We'll definitely get together soon to start talks about what we collectively agree is the new direction." As for his solo follow-up to *The Lady Killer*: "It'll be something cool," he says. "Of course it will - it's Cee Lo Green." **M H**

Linkin Park reteam with Rick Rubin

Linkin Park are making fast progress on their follow-up to last year's *A Thousand Suns*, produced once again by Rick Rubin. "We have a lot of quality songs," says frontman Chester Bennington. "I would be shocked if it doesn't come out next year." In between live dates and rehearsals for an August 31st Japan relief show in L.A., the band has been cutting new tunes that continue the cross-genre explorations of its last album. "Fans will see a steady progression in terms of sound," adds Bennington. "I'm glad I'm not repeating myself - we want to make new stuff that doesn't sound like anything else." **STEVE BALTIN**



CLOCKWISE FROM LEFT: MARY ROZZI; BRIAN ACH/WIREIMAGE; MATTHEW BAKER/PA PHOTOS/LANDOOY

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ASK DR. OZZY

Q I'm a female college student who recently got a positive test for chlamydia. The guy I'm dating swears that he didn't cheat on me. Is there any chance he's telling the truth?

—Claire, Michigan

A Well, he needs to get himself down to the local dick doctor, to see if he's got the same thing. But it ain't like an STD test comes back with a time and date of infection, along with the Facebook page of the chick who gave it to him. From what I understand, he might have picked it up before he met you and not even known about it. So yeah, there's a chance he's telling the truth. Then again, if he's been coming home at 2 a.m. every night with glitter on his face and smelling like a three-week-old had-dock, then you probably shouldn't give him the benefit of the doubt. But only you can make that call.

Q I've noticed that I've been forgetting things, like where I left my keys. I think it's the natural effects of aging, but my wife blames my daily pot habit. Do you think I have to stop toking?

—Allen, California

A Depends how badly you need the keys. If my house was on fire and the door was locked, then I'd be pretty fucking upset

if I'd just traded my short-term memory for another hit on the old bong of doom. The fact is, getting old makes you lose your memory *and* drugs make you lose your memory. So my advice is, er, uh... what was I saying again?

Q My 18-year-old is determined to get a massive tattoo of a spider. Any advice on talking her out of it? That thing's going to freak people out at the beach.

—Lee, Connecticut

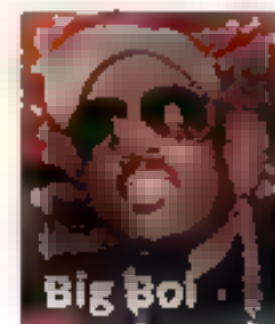
A If she was putting the spider across her face, it might freak people out. As it is, I doubt anyone'll notice, 'cause every other fucking kid on the beach will have the exact same thing. That's the problem with tattoos now: They're so common, they ain't as special as they used to be. Good luck trying to explain that to an 18-year-old, though. I remember when my daughter Kelly wanted tattoos. I said, "Take it from me, you'll grow up to regret it," and lo and fucking behold, she now regrets it. It's all well being a hot chick with ink, but when you're 60 and your spider's all faded and wrinkly, trust me, you'll wish you'd never had it done.

If you want Dr. Ozzy's advice about health, sex and family matters, go to rollingstone.com/drozy.

IN THE NEWS

Andre 3000 likely to appear on Big Boi LP

Big Boi has recorded 17 songs for his second solo LP, *Daddy Fat Sax*, due later this year - and he hopes to feature his **Outkast** partner, Andre 3000, on at least one track. The pair recorded tracks for Big Boi's last album, but weren't able to include them due to label con-



Big Boi

licts Big Boi believes will be settled. "I think it's very possible, because we have **L.A. Reid** in

our corner now," says Big Boi, referring to the exec's recent move from Island Def Jam to Sony Music. "I don't really see why it won't happen."

Metallica announce anniversary blowout

Metallica will celebrate 30 years together with four fan-club-only San Francisco shows in December. They promise "special guests, rare songs and all the nutty stuff you expect from Metallica."

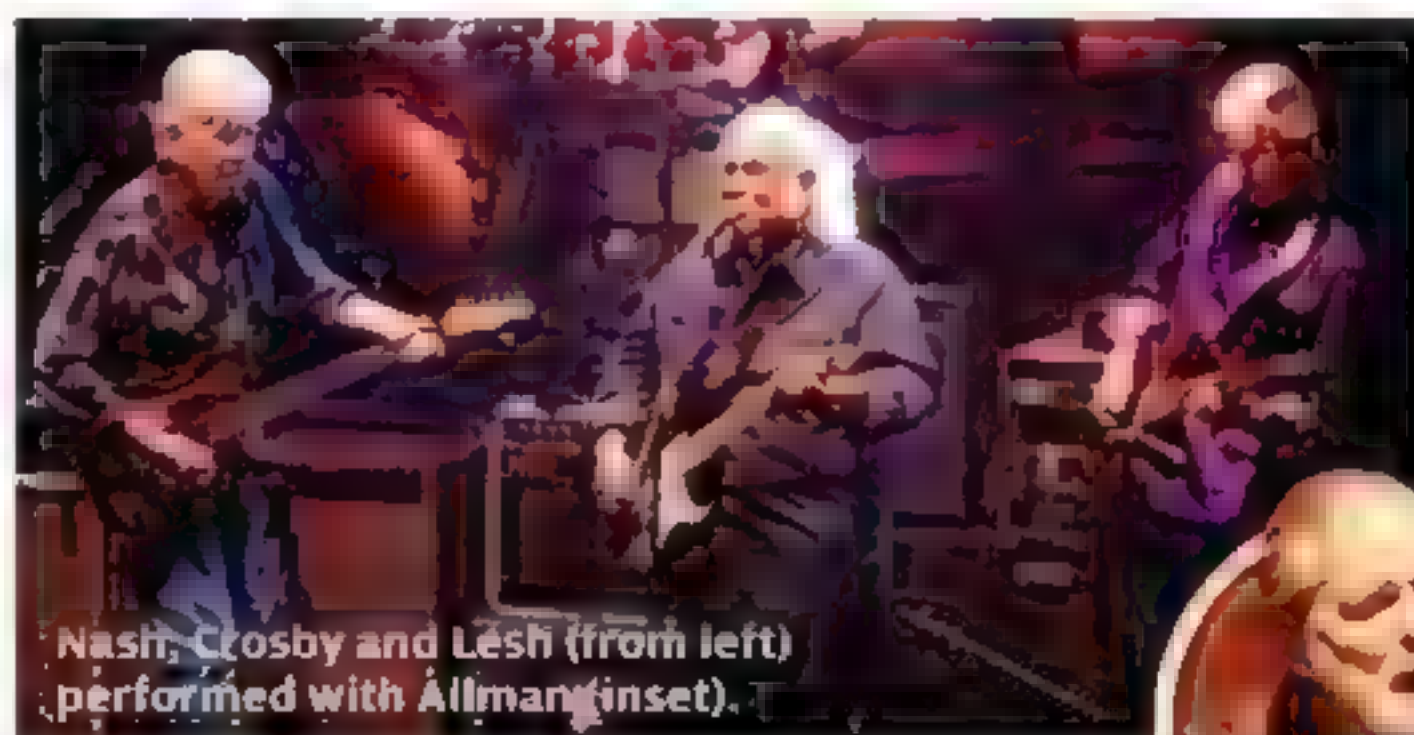
More details emerge on 'Nevermind' reissue

On September 27th, Nirvana will release a superdeluxe edition of the classic LP with three discs of rare demos, band rehearsals recorded on a boombox and producer **Butch Vig's** original mix of the album, plus a 1991 gig on DVD. A two-CD remastered deluxe version will also be available.

Allmans Rock Against Hep C With All-Star Jam

Band plays for three hours in New York with Crosby, Nash and friends

LAST YEAR, THE ALLMAN Brothers Band were forced to take a rare summer off while Gregg Allman recovered from a liver transplant at his Savannah, Georgia, home. "It was a pretty intense operation," he says. "Now, I want to save people from that." So, on July 27th, the Allmans performed a stellar three-hour show at New York's Beacon Theatre with surprise guests David Crosby, Graham Nash, Natalie Cole and Phil Lesh. Organized by Allman, the gig benefited Tune In to Hep C, a campaign to raise awareness about the liver-ravaging virus



Nash, Crosby and Lesh (from left) performed with Allman (inset).

that Allman, Crosby, Cole, Lesh - and 3.2 million Americans - all suffer from. "The symptoms sometimes don't show up until the very end," says Lesh, who believes he contracted hepatitis C while sharing needles in the Sixties, but didn't realize its seriousness until he needed a transplant in 1998. "It was

the most frightening thing that's ever happened to me." Onstage, though, the vibes were all good. The first set had the Allmans jamming on vintage tunes like "One Way Out" and "Statesboro Blues," while Cole stole the show with a powerful take on Sam Cooke's

"A Change Is Gonna Come." Crosby and Nash emerged for a gorgeous "Teach Your Children" and traded spooky harmonies on "Guinnevere"; later, Lesh played bass on Crosby's "Almost Cut My Hair" and stayed for a string of Grateful Dead classics - an ultrafunky "Shakedown Street" and joyous renditions of "Sugaree" and "Franklin's Tower." The night ended with epic singalongs of "Midnight Rider" and "Will the Circle Be Unbroken?" When it was over, Allman stayed onstage, grabbing fans' hands and grinning. "The stage is the perfect planet," he told **ROLLING STONE**. "Once the music starts, you don't feel any pain up there." **PATRICK DOYLE**

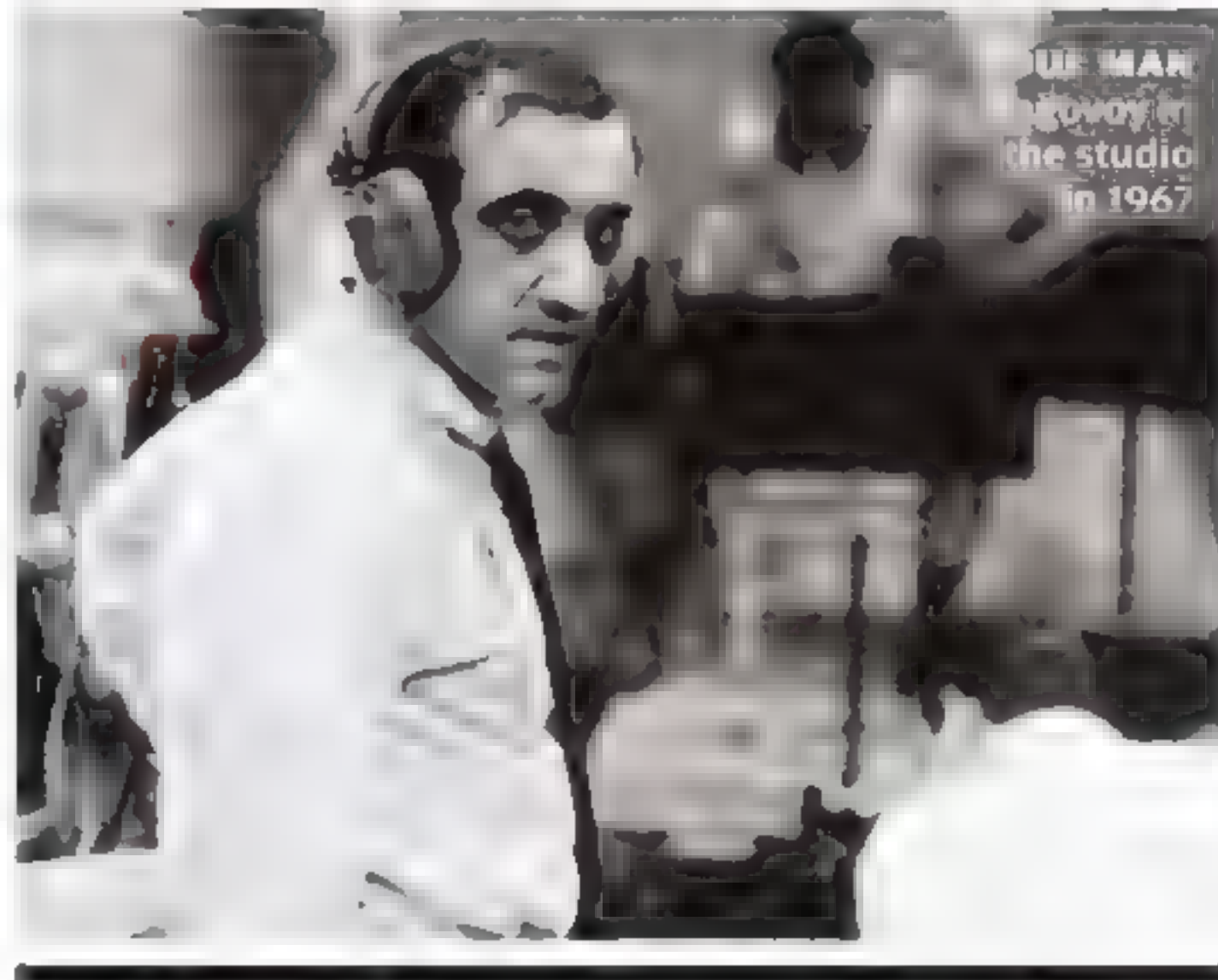
Jerry Ragovoy, Hitmaker for the Stones and Janis Joplin

Songwriter of "Time Is on My Side" and "Piece of My Heart" dies at 80

WHEN JANIS JOPLIN finally met Jerry Ragovoy, the songwriter who'd co-written "Piece of My Heart," her 1968 breakout hit, she was astonished. Stepping into Ragovoy's Manhattan apartment in 1969, Joplin pointed and said, "You're Jerry Ragovoy?" "She expected him to be black and funky," recalls Ragovoy's wife, Beverly. "Jerry always wore a jacket and tie. He was a nice white Jewish boy from Philadelphia."

Ragovoy, who died July 13th in New York at age 80 of complications from a stroke, truly had what longtime friend Bonnie Raitt calls "a deep soul." As writer, co-writer or producer (and sometimes all at once), Ragovoy was responsible for classic tunes - from "Time Is on My Side" to "Try (Just a Little Bit Harder)" - that were steeped in R&B and gospel. Joplin, the Rolling Stones and Elvis Presley cut his songs, but so did top R&B acts including Irma Thomas and Howard Tate.

Ragovoy discovered R&B in the Forties, working in an appliance store that sold record players in a largely African-American neighborhood in Philadelphia. By the early Fifties, he had co-founded Grand Records, which had a hit with the Castelles' "My Girl Awaits Me" in 1953. He began collaborating with songwriter Bert



"He seemed to be in many important places at the same time," says Keith Richards.

Berns in New York in the early Sixties. Together, they scored with the yearning soul ballad "Cry Baby," a Top Five hit for Garnet Mimms and the Enchanters, and "Piece of My Heart," first recorded by Erma Franklin, Aretha's older sister.

Ragovoy knocked out "Time Is on My Side" in 20 minutes. Irma Thomas recorded it and then, in 1964, so did the Stones, giving the band its first U.S. Top 10. Since Ragovoy often wrote under pseudonyms (he was "Norman Meade" for "Time Is on My Side"), even the artists didn't know who had actually written their hits. "I only recently found out that Jerry was also Norman Meade and produced Irma's "Time Is on My

Side," says Keith Richards. "I should have guessed that, from the sheer elegance and taste of that record. Jerry seems to have been in many important places at the same time. He will be forever remembered and sadly missed by all those that know the real stuff."

His influence in the record business extended beyond his songs: He worked as a staff producer at Warner Bros. and built New York's legendary Hit Factory studio, which he owned until 1975. "I felt like I grew up a little with Jerry," says Raitt, whose 1974 Warner album, *Streetlights*, was produced by Ragovoy. "My singing went up a notch. He raised the bar for me." DAVID BROWNE

Dan Peek, Co-founded Soft-Rock Crew America

1950-2011

Singer-guitarist Dan Peek, whose high harmonies accentuated soft-rock smashes like 1972's "A Horse With No Name" and 1975's "Sister Golden Hair" by the band America, died July 24th at home in Farmington, Missouri,



of unknown causes. He was 60. Peek started playing with friends

Dewey Bunnell and Gerry Beckley in the late Sixties, scoring a label deal shortly after high school. "We were kids on this joy ride," Bunnell says. In 1977, Peek left America for a career in Christian rock. "It was unbeknownst to us that he had a strong grounding in his faith," says

Bunnell. "He was ready to get far away from the America thing." Though the split was amicable, Peek never made another album with the band. Adds Bunnell, "I'll remember him the way I knew him - a bubbly, sensitive guy, dedicated to music to the end."

SIMON VOZICK-LEVINSON

IN THE NEWS

Tom Morello pens radical comic books

On October 12th, Morello will release the first issue of *Orchid*, the 12-issue comic-book series he's writing for Dark Horse Comics. Illustrated by Star Wars comics artist



Scott Hepburn, *Orchid* will tell the story of a 16-year-old prostitute living in a dystopian future where the rich oppress the poor. "My goal was to combine the epic story arc of *Lord of the Rings*, *Star Wars* and *Stephen King's The Stand* or *Tomb*, but inject it with class consciousness - something I've always thought was missing from those stories," says Morello. For each issue, the guitarist will also compose music that readers can download for free. "I thought it was interesting to create a soundtrack to something that normally doesn't have one."

John Lydon songs destroyed in house fire

Sex Pistols frontman Lydon's London home was badly damaged in a fire in June. Though neither the punk legend -



who went by Johnny Rotten in the *Sex Pistols* - nor his wife was harmed, tunes Lydon had written for his post-Pistols band *Public Image Limited's* new LP were lost. (The disc would be their first since 1992.) Said Lydon, "I've had a rotten time of it."

Radiohead announce 'Limbs' remix album

Later this year, Radiohead will release a CD collecting remixes of tracks from their latest LP, *The King of Limbs*. The remixes, which are currently being released as vinyl singles, feature contributions from producers including *Caribou* and *Mark Pritchard*.

R. Kelly unable to sing after throat surgery

The R&B star was hospitalized July 19th in Chicago for emergency surgery on an infected tonsil, weeks after finishing a U.S. tour. A rep says it's unknown when he can return to performing. Wrote Kelly on Twitter, "I want my voice back!"

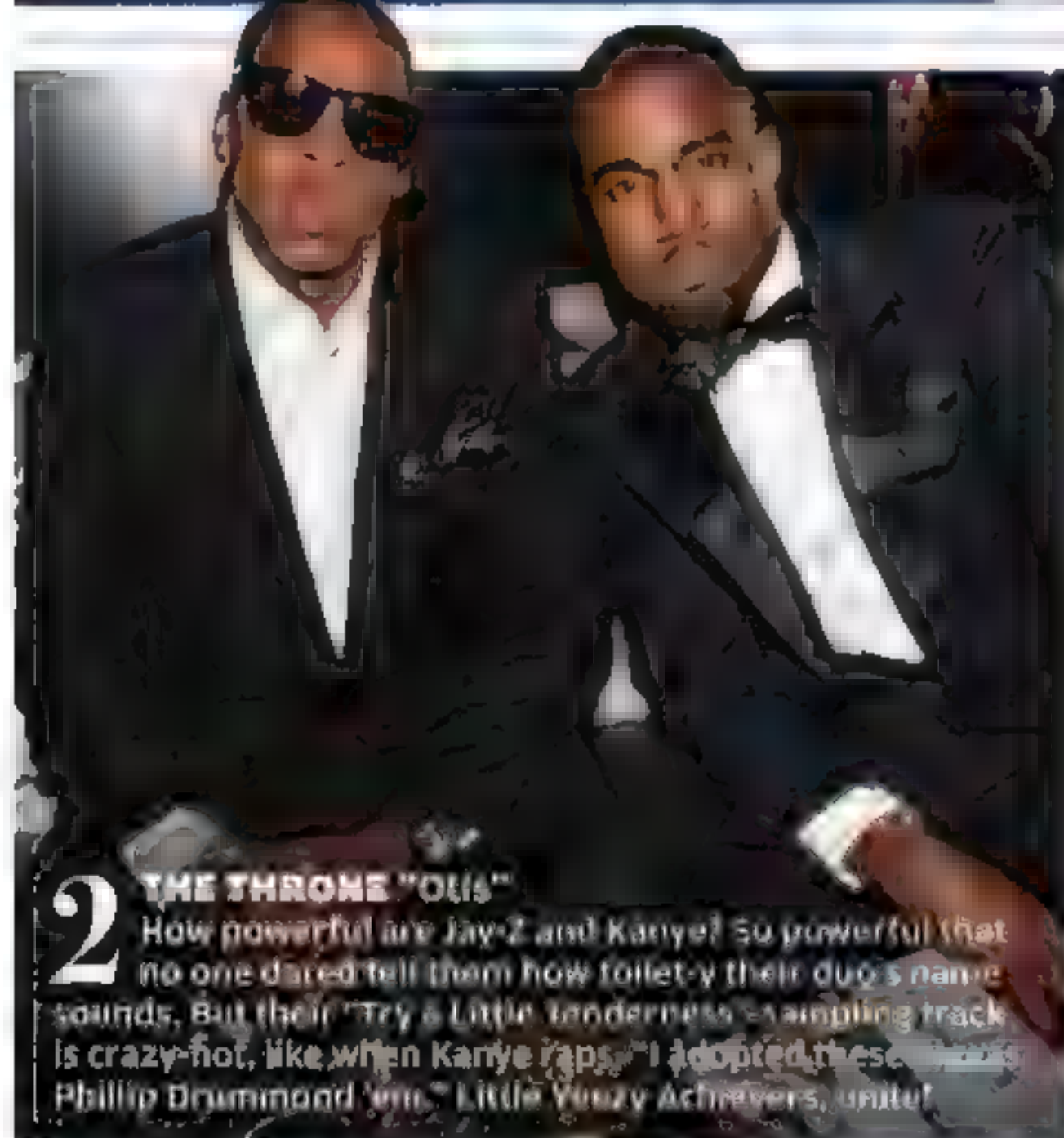


HOT LIST



1 NOEL GALLAGHER'S HIGH FLYING BIRDS "The Death of You and Me"

We know, you haven't thought about Oasis since the dry-humping-to-"Wonderwall" incident of '95. Nonetheless! Noel's first solo jam is a powerful dose of more Brit than Brit-pop melodicism, with a sweet bonus of New Orleans-jazz horns. (Rumored alternate title: "Top This, Liam, You Ugly Fucking Wanker.")



2 THE THRONE "OLIS"

How powerful are Jay-Z and Kanye? So powerful that no one dared tell them how toilet-y their duo's name sounds. But their "Try a Little Tenderness" sampling track is crazy-hot, like when Kanye raps, "I adopted these niggas Phillip Drummond 'em." Little Yeezy Achievers, unite!



3 ERIC CHURCH "Springsteen"

The Killers took his sound; Lady Gaga took his sax player (R.I.P.). But only a country badass had the stones to write this tune, which takes Bruce-dolality to a place even the Beaver Brown Band feared to tread!

4 GIRLS "Vomit"

The indie crew's debut was all sweet Sixties-ish pop, but this epic new single blasts them a decade forward - with its choral vocals, Hammond-y organ and general heaviness, it could almost be an outtake from *The Wall*. Pro tip: Be careful Googling for this song - you may not like what you see.



5 MASTODON "Black Tongue"

Rock rule number 666: Any song that starts with a singer yelping "I burned out my eeeeeeyes" is automatically amazing. This beast has, like, a thousand guitars, plus drumming so sick that even sickdrummer.com (an actual site!) would be frightened.

CHECKING IN



Jeff Bridges

The Oscar winner on becoming a country singer in real life

"Songs often come to me when I'm supposed to be studying for a movie," says Jeff Bridges. "It can be very disconcerting." Problem solved: The Oscar winner took a break from his day job earlier this year to record a moody country LP with producer T Bone Burnett and his band of studio pros. Cut in 12 days, *Jeff Bridges* (out August 16th) features original songs and covers of tunes by songwriter friends like folk singer Greg Brown and the late Stephen Bruton, a longtime Kris Kristofferson collaborator who co-wrote many of the songs Bridges sang in 2009's *Crazy Heart*. "These days," says Bridges, "I just let it all rip."

CRAZY LIKE A FOX Bridges wrote some of the songs as far back as 30 years ago, but he didn't feel compelled to record them until he played a fictional outlaw country singer in *Crazy Heart*. "I had to pull out all the magic tricks," he says. The record finds Bridges playing guitar and adding his husky Kristofferson-esque growl to highlights like Bruton's laid-back boogie "What a Little Bit of Love Can Do" and his own eerie acoustic "Falling Short." "It's about going for perfection in acting and singing," he says. "It's a theme in life I'm still working on."

WHAT'S NEXT Bridges, who also took advantage of his downtime to devote more energy to artwork, including ceramics and painting, is playing scattered dates on the West Coast, and will appear on PBS's *Austin City Limits* in November. "I'm not going to be able to do as much touring as I like," he adds. "Maybe next year." **PATRICK DOYLE**



CLOCKWISE FROM TOP: LEFT, LAWRENCE WATSON; JUSTIN COHEN; JOHN PEETS; GARY WOLSTENHOLME/REDFERNS/GETTY IMAGES; SANDY KIM; JOHNNY NUÑEZ/WIREIMAGE

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Taylor Swift

The country superstar on covering Springsteen, loving the Beach Boys and missing Amy Winehouse

By Austin Scaggs

FOR MOST 21-YEAR-OLDS, SUMMER-time means partying, tanning and hanging with friends. Not so for Taylor Swift, who's spending the season selling out arenas and stadiums around the country. Her *Speak Now* tour has packed the NFL homes of the Patriots (twice), Steelers and Lions, with more on the way. "I'm still a little surprised every time we pull into a stadium," says Swift, checking in from Nashville. "It's really nuts." By the time Swift rocks Madison Square Garden for two nights in November, she'll have logged 98 shows this year. She promises even more in 2012 - and she'll also be working on her fourth album. Of course, she's already written enough new songs. "You know me," she says. "I've got lots."

Your show features aerialists, fireworks and innumerable costume and set changes. Is it hard to remember all those cues?

There are so many little details that every night is like a mental challenge. You're just glad everything worked out.

What's your greatest memory from the tour so far?

On our first night at Gillette Stadium in Massachusetts, right as I sang a lyric in "Fearless" - "With you I'd dance in a storm in my best dress, fearless" - I felt a drop of rain hit my hand. Then another, then another, then a monsoon broke out. I saw girls with their perfectly curled hair turn sopping wet. I thought, "They're all gonna leave." Instead, they went nuts, dancing in the rain, screaming louder. It was awesome.

What inspired all the crazy sets?

Videos of musicals like *Grease*, *The Music Man*, *Bye Bye Birdie*... I saw *Annie Get Your Gun* and *Wicked* on Broadway, and I was captivated. Now we have costumes by the designer from *Wicked*.

How do you unwind after a show?

Well, I have another meet-and-greet afterward. It's called the T Party, and we have a giant tent with a Moroccan-living-room setup every night. During the show I have people scour the audience for the craziest people out there, the ones that paint their faces or cover themselves in balloons or dress up like a banana or wrap themselves in Christmas lights or dress up like my alter ego [T-Swizzle] from the video I did with T-Pain. Sometimes I'll say, "Row 14, six seats in - go get

that seven-year-old girl who knows all the lyrics to 'Dear John.'"

I read that at one show, some of the men's bathrooms were converted to women's, because the audience is, like, 80 percent ladies. True?

That's so funny! Someone actually wrote a review and reviewed the bathroom access? Ha! There seem to be lots of boys out there, more than ever.

You tweeted that you had fun at the Museum of Natural History in New York recently.

I was going to go to the New-York Historical Society, but it was closed. I almost cried. But we saw the dinosaurs and stuff, which was a close second. Lately, I've been obsessed with history: the history of our country, the history of music.

Let's start with the music.

I've been obsessed with Fifties and Sixties music, like the Shirelles and the Beach Boys. Like "Wouldn't It Be Nice" - if I ever had a wedding, I'd walk down the aisle to that song.

And American history?

I just read a 900-page book called *The Kennedy Women*, which goes back to the first Kennedy woman coming from Ireland in the 1800s. This morning I bought books about John Adams, Lincoln's Cabinet, the Founding Fathers and Ellis Island.

You covered "Dancing in the Dark" and "Livin' on a Prayer" in Jersey recently. Big fan of those guys?


Those are two of my heroes, for different reasons. Springsteen made albums that matter. His lyrics are a lot like poetry. With Bon Jovi, there's just a melodic stickiness to their songs that I've always been drawn to. Also, Jon Bon Jovi was the first rocker in the Eighties to smile a lot. I learned that on *Behind the Music* when I was, like, nine years old.

At shows, you've been writing lyrics by artists like Tom Petty on your left arm. How'd that start?

One day at rehearsals I was having a rough day, and I wrote a lyric by my friend Selena Gomez on my arm:

"You've got every right to a beautiful life." It looked cool, so now I put lyrics on my arm every night. It's like a mood ring.

What was your first reaction when you heard about Amy Winehouse?

I saw it on Twitter and I didn't think it was real. I can't come to terms with anybody dying at 27. That's not OK. It's not enough time. 



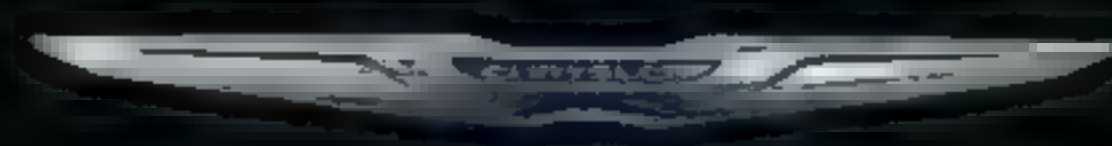


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Men at Work

'Breaking Bad,' the most excruciating drama on TV, exposes a terrible truth: Excelling at your job can corrupt the soul *By Ron S. Jeff, III*

WALTER WHITE COULD probably spring for some new glasses. The guy's making money now, after becoming the top meth chef in Albuquerque, and he could also replace that Eighties com-

Breaking Bad
Sundays, 10 p.m., AMC

puter watch. But he still wears his old-school nerd gear with pride. That's the ur-American power of *Breaking Bad* – it's the *Mad Men* of really shitty clothes. At the beginning of the new season, Walter (Bryan Cranston) puts on a Kenny Rogers T-shirt and some white jeans, after a gruesome corpse disposal – and then he hits Denny's for pancakes. That sums up all the moral tension of his world, but it also might be Walter's fashion peak.

The American drabness all over every scene of *Breaking Bad* is key to why it's become the most painfully intense drama on TV, and how Walter White has become our most frighteningly ordinary criminal. At the start of Season Four, the change feels almost complete: Walter is no

longer a high school chemistry teacher who cooks meth on the side, with noble intentions. He's not trying to kid himself he's a decent man trying to take care of his family before the lung cancer takes care of him. At this point, Walter just likes the work. After feeling like a failure for most of his life, he likes being the best at something. That's the high he's addicted to – not the money, power or excitement. And it's the high he's willing to kill for.

Breaking Bad is a triumph that could only have happened right now, at this incredibly bizarre moment in TV history. It's the culmination of the serial-drama era, when the groundbreaking success of *The Sopranos* created the audience for *The Wire*, *Friday Night Lights*, *Deadwood* and *Mad Men*. These are some of the most fanatically followed, minutely dissected shows ever filmed – and interestingly, they are all fundamentally stories about men and their jobs. These dramas are full of men trying to be men, questioning the rules of manhood they've inherited, obsessing over their work. They try to solve their problems by being more manly ("more like

Pop," as Fredo Corleone would say), only to find that creates increasingly bloody problems.

Yet these shows also count on you (or some guilty part of you) wanting to be the Man – there's always the fantasy that if you happened to be born in a different place and time, you too would strut your shit around like Stringer Bell or Don Draper. Walter White, well, he isn't particularly into

THE WATCH LIST

The Hour
Wednesdays, 10 p.m.,
BBC America

Mad Men meets *The Wire* in this tense drama about the dawn of BBC television. Dominic West leads the excellent cast of London journalists who drink, smoke and sleep around too much while pursuing the news of the world. So of course they stumble on a conspiracy that leads to the highest echelons of power.

Strike Back
Fridays, 10 p.m., Cinemax
The network tries to shed the Skinemax label with an entertainingly hypermacho show about very good-looking soldiers fighting terrorists.

being Walter White, and neither is anyone else. One of the most amazing twists of *Breaking Bad* is the way Walter never thinks he's cool, never picks up any criminal-minded swagger. If *The Sopranos* was the Stones and *The Wire* was Zeppelin, *Breaking Bad* is Rush. Walter White is just a geek trapped in a conform-or-be-cast-out world, riding on through the friction of the day. But he chooses to exercise his free will – if only by cooking up his private recipe for insanely strong blue meth.

The story may have started with a dying man lowering himself to do dirty deeds in order to pile up cash to protect his wife and kids. But that seems like a long time ago. By now, all Walter wants is to cook. After meth kingpin Gus (a chilling Giancarlo Esposito) kills the competition, all he says to Walter is, "Get back to work." What that means is Gus and Walter understand each other, and they both get why Walter does what he does. This guy needs the work – not the profits or the perks, but the work itself. The most shocking moments on *Breaking Bad* come from the idea that work corrupts you; getting better at your gig can turn you into a monster. The deeper Walter White gets into his criminal career, the more we can see in retrospect (even if he can't) that the problem with his teaching career was that he wasn't good enough at it. He knows being the best is the only thing that makes him unkillable – and he takes a sick pride in that.

The longer you watch *Breaking Bad*, the more terrifying Walter looks – not because you might share his vices, but because you might share his virtues. The idea that you can be utterly destroyed, in both body and soul, by a mixture of hard work and intelligence – that's the most disturbing part of Walter's story. It feels un-American and yet somehow all-American at the same time. You can relate to how fulfilled Walter is when he hears the magic words "Get back to work," even though he's covered in another man's gore. But you also know the horrifying truth that the harder he works, the more blood he will see. **C**

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"On an airplane recently, I watched the Justin Bieber movie. I cried twice." —Anthony Kiedis

Random Notes



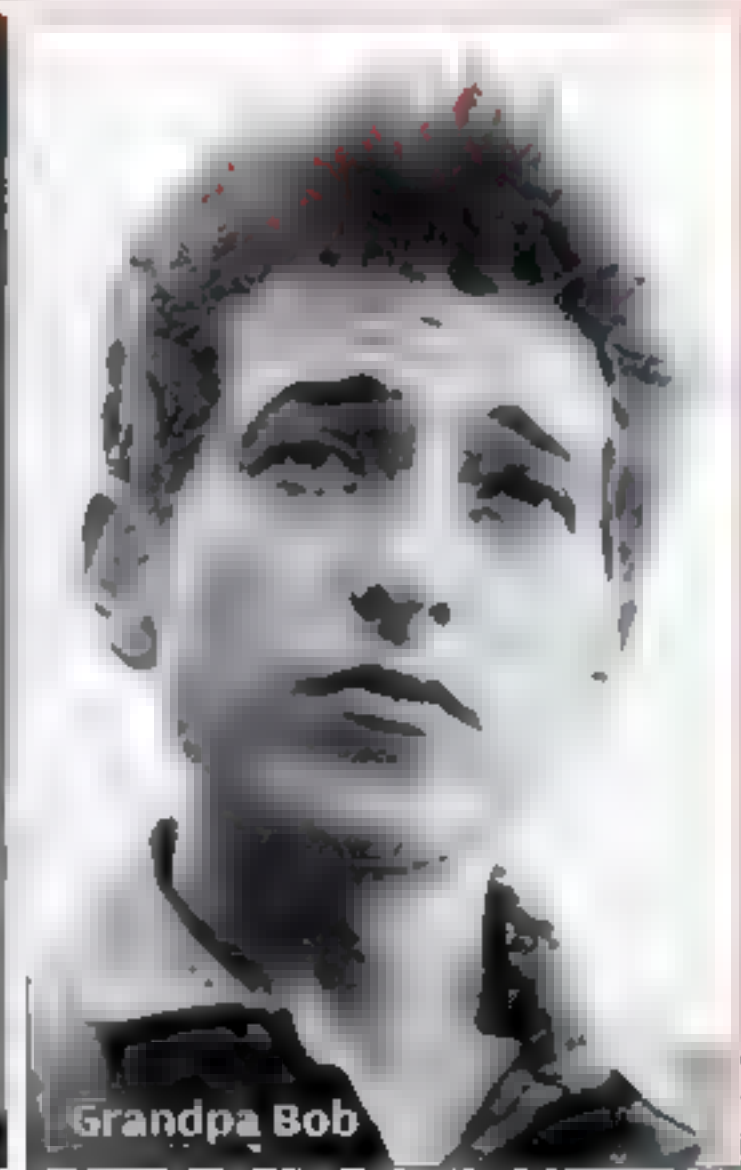
Gaga tried on something old, borrowed and blue.



Midler as Delores De Lago, beached mermaid. In 2004

Divine Inspiration

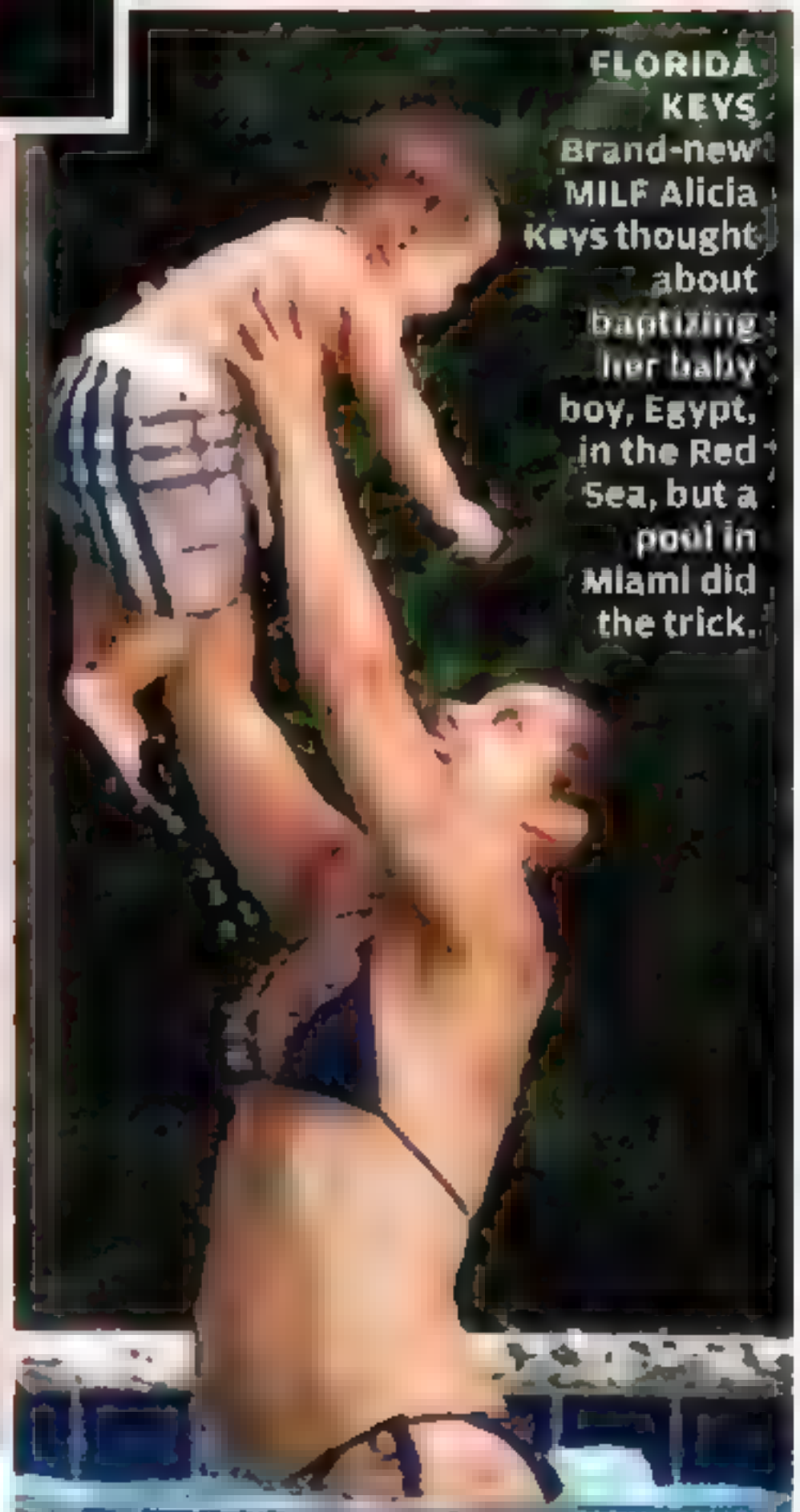
Madonna let Lady Gaga slide for ripping off "Express Yourself," but Bette Midler freaked when she saw Gaga steal her old mermaid-in-a-wheelchair bit. "Keep the meat dress," she vented on Twitter. "Mermaid's mine!"



Grandpa Bob

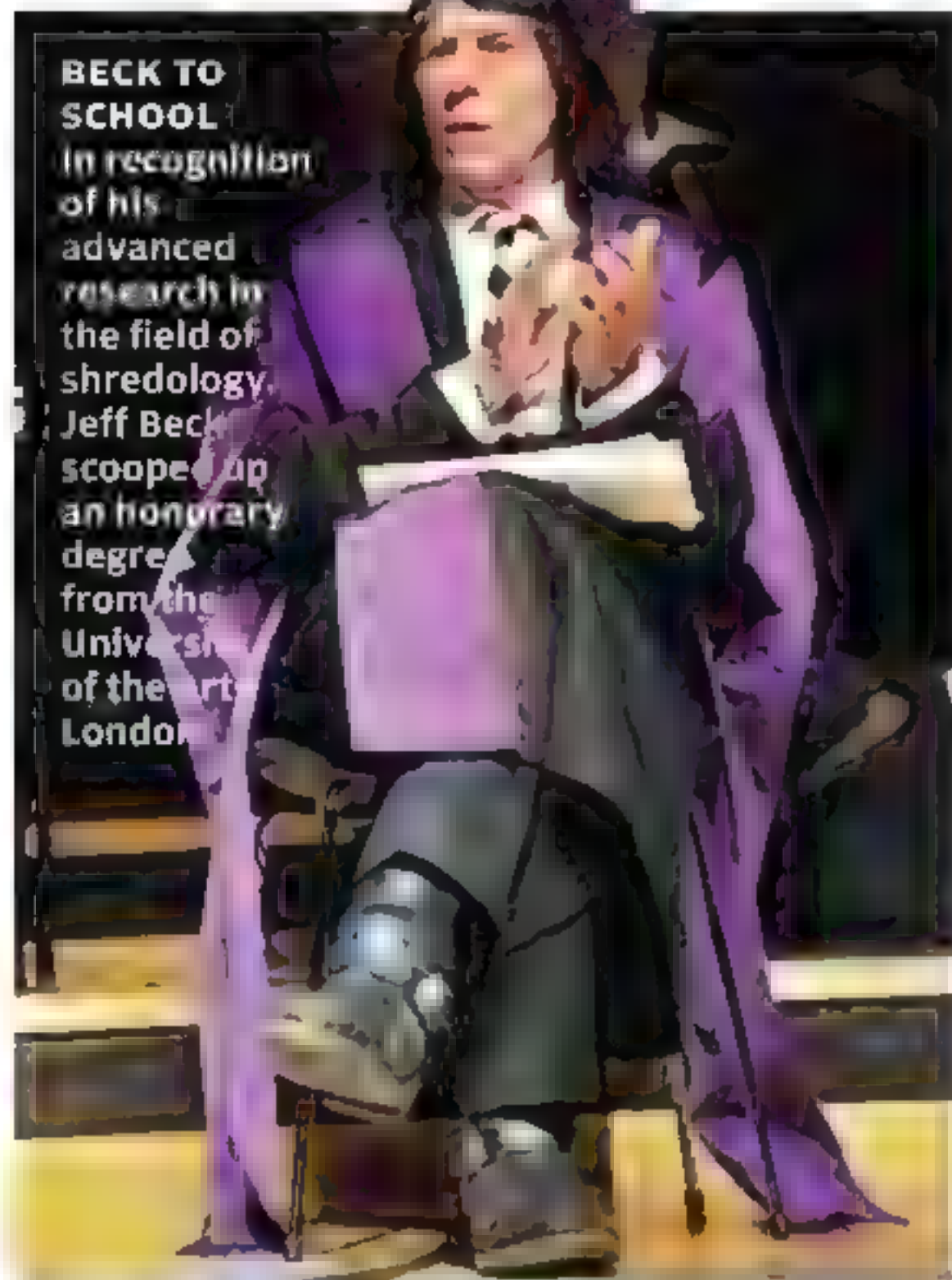
The Freestylin' Pablo Dylan

"I'm the grandson of a man nothin' less than legendary," raps Pablo Dylan, 15, on his new track "Top of the World." Wait, what?! Yep, Bob's progeny (the son of his filmmaker kid Jesse) just released a hip-hop mixtape called *10 Minutes*. "My grandfather definitely has a legacy that a lot of people look up to," said Pablo, who drops more f-bombs in one song than Bob has in 50 years. "I consider him the Jay-Z of his time."



FLORIDA KEYS
Brand-new MILF Alicia Keys thought about baptizing her baby boy, Egypt, in the Red Sea, but a pool in Miami did the trick.

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: "SYDNEY MORNING HERALD," FAIRFAX MEDIA/GETTY IMAGES; ROBERTO KLEIN/AP IMAGES; MAVR XONLINE.COM; MICHAEL DOHS ARCHIVES/GETTY IMAGES



BECK TO SCHOOL
 In recognition of his advanced research in the field of shredology, Jeff Beck scooped up an honorary degree from the University of the Art of London.



SPIRIT IN THE NIGHT
 Bruce Springsteen jumped onstage at Asbury Park's Wonder Bar to join the Sensational Soul Cruisers in a tribute to the late, great Big Man, Clarence Clemons.



FUNKED UP
 After the Chili Peppers' supersecret Big Sur gig, Flea had to borrow a shirt from the merch table to gain entrance to a local 7-Eleven.



Out for a stroll in New York. Aretha Franklin is positively radiant. Respect!



ON THE RUN
 Spotting Ringo Starr on a Montreal street, Paul McCartney gave him a quick wave and told his driver to step on it.

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP-LEFT: MATT KENT/WIREIMAGE; MIKE BLACK; PACIFICCOASTNEWS.COM; ULTRAVIG; SPLASH NEWS; KODIAK GREENWOOD

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LEAN FORWARD

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Murdoch's Goon Squad

All the corruption exposed in England – hacking, political payoffs, dirty cops, hush-money settlements – is also happening here

★ *By Tim Dickinson* ★

RUPERT MURDOCH WOULD like you to believe that the voicemail-hacking scandal at the *News of the World* “went against everything that I stand for.” In his recent testimony before Parliament, the 80-year-old billionaire insisted that the criminal wrongdoing at the London tabloid betrayed the 53,000 “ethical and distinguished professionals” he commands from the pinnacle of News Corp. – the world’s second-largest media empire. Besides, he claimed, the scandal at the *News of the World* involved “a tiny part of our business,” which he helpfully quantified as “less than one percent of our company.”

At first glance, the systemic campaign of bribery and wiretapping at the *News of the World* certainly does seem extraordinary. Reporters and editors at what was the largest-circulation Sunday paper in the English-speaking world stand accused of bribing police, hacking the private voicemails of everyone from the royal family to the parents of soldiers killed in Iraq and Afghanistan, and paying more than

\$2 million in gag settlements to victims – allegedly with the full knowledge of Murdoch’s son and heir apparent, James.

But the corruption exposed at the *News of the World* is not the work of a “rogue” element within News Corp. – it’s a reflection of the lawless culture that defines the company. As CEO, Murdoch not only tolerates employees and executives who push the boundaries of legality and good taste, he celebrates them – at least until the cops show up. “There’s a broader culture within the company,” Col Allan, editor of Murdoch’s *New York Post*, crowed in 2007. “We like being pirates.” Whatever veneer of integrity News Corp. may have accrued after its purchase of *The Wall Street Journal* the very same year masks an ingrained corporate ethos that believes integrity is for suckers. The attitude passed down from the top, says one veteran of Murdoch’s tabloids, is aggressive and straightforward: “Anything we do is OK. We’re News Corp. – so fuck you and fuck your mother.”

Indeed, an examination of Murdoch’s corporate history reveals that each of the

elements of the scandal in London – hacking, thuggish reporting tactics, unethical entanglements with police, hush-money settlements and efforts to corrupt officials at the highest levels of government – extend far beyond Fleet Street. Over the past decade, News Corp. has systematically employed such tactics in its U.S. operations, exhibiting what a recent lawsuit filed against the firm calls a “culture run amok.” As a former high-ranking News Corp. executive tells *ROLLING STONE*: “It’s the same shit, different day.”

HACKING AND HUSH MONEY News America Marketing, a News Corp. subsidiary based in Connecticut, has been accused of engaging in “illegal computer espionage,” repeatedly hacking a rival firm’s computer system between 2003 and 2004 – a period that happens to coincide with *NOTW*’s voicemail hacking in London. According to a lawsuit against News America, which dominates the lucrative market for ads on supermarket shelves and shopping carts, the Murdoch subsidiary grew alarmed when a competitor

called Floorgraphics Inc. entered the market in the late 1990s with a novel concept – ad decals pasted on supermarket aisles. Paul Carlucci, the CEO of News America, responded by convening a meeting with FGI executives and allegedly delivering a Mafia-like ultimatum: Sell to Murdoch or be destroyed. “I work for a man who wants it all,” Carlucci warned, “and doesn’t understand anyone telling him he can’t have it all.”

When FGI rebuffed the takeover bid, according to a lawsuit the company filed in 2004, News America embarked on a campaign of “illegal, anti-competitive and unfair business practices.” After hacking into FGI’s database, the suit alleged, News America used the information to steal away top clients like Safeway, effectively destroying its rival’s business. FGI petitioned Chris Christie, then a U.S. attorney, to launch a criminal investigation into the alleged hacking, but the future governor of New Jersey refused to file charges. By then, the damage was done. News America was able to snap up FGI for \$30 million – not only achieving Murdoch’s original goal of market domination but also quashing FGI’s lawsuit in the process.

News Corp. shareholders have paid far more to hush up other complaints about News America’s monopolistic abuses. To box out two more rival firms, Valassis Communications and Insignia, News America used its market position to hike ad rates for supermarket clients who refused to also advertise in Murdoch newspaper circulars. “It feels like they are raping us and they enjoy it,” an executive at Sara Lee complained. In 2009, a Michigan court awarded Valassis \$300 million for News America’s illegal attempt to corner the market. News Corp. eventually silenced the affair with a \$500 mil-

lion payment to Valassis that blocked the threat of further litigation. It also reached a \$125 million settlement with Insignia. The combined settlements of \$655 million more than wiped out the profits News Corp. reaped from its record box-office smash *Avatar*.

THUGGISH REPORTING Instead of firing the man responsible for the legal and financial fiasco at News America, Murdoch promoted him. In addition to serving as CEO of News America, Carlucci was tapped in 2005 to become publisher of Murdoch’s flagship American tabloid, the *New York Post*. Under Carlucci’s leadership, the two businesses appear to have drawn inspiration from a similar source: organized crime. Carlucci reportedly encouraged teamwork at News America by showing his salesmen a clip from *The*

acter assassination, Stern allegedly suggested, Burkle could make a one-time payment of \$100,000, followed by monthly installments of \$10,000.

News Corp. axed Stern, dismissing him as a rogue reporter and calling his behavior “highly aberrational.” But according to a 2007 affidavit by a fellow *Post* veteran, the alleged shakedown was an integral part of the company’s culture. “The spineless hypocrites in senior management at the *New York Post* and News Corp. have always used ‘expendable’ employees as scapegoats for the misdeeds of its senior executives,” *Post* reporter Ian Spiegelman testified. Spiegelman revealed that Page Six’s top editor Richard Johnson and two others had accepted cash from a restaurateur whose business had received a positive mention the day be-

One *Post* veteran slammed News Corp. for using its reporters as “scapegoats for the misdeeds of its senior executives.”

Untouchables in which Al Capone brains a disloyal deputy with a baseball bat. And shortly after Carlucci arrived at the *Post*, the newspaper was rocked by a scandal in which a star Page Six reporter allegedly attempted to shake down billionaire Ron Burkle for “protection” from the gossip sheet, telling him, “It’s a little like the Mafia.”

Burkle secretly recorded Page Six reporter Jared Stern offering to go easy on him in the gossip sheet in exchange for a hefty payoff. “We know how to destroy people,” Stern reportedly threatened. “It’s what we do.” To shield himself from char-

fore, Johnson also allegedly accepted a \$50,000 all-expenses-paid bachelor party to Mexico from Joe Francis, the founder of *Girls Gone Wild*, whom the *Post* subsequently hyped as “the next Hugh Hefner.” Spiegelman further charged that Col Allan, the *Post*’s top editor, received free lap dances at the strip club Scores in return for favorable coverage by the paper.

News Corp. conceded that Johnson had accepted a \$1,000 “gift,” but Murdoch let the editor off with a reprimand. Indeed, as Murdoch biographer Michael Wolff later observed, the incident only served to enhance Johnson’s reputation. “The bribery

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: JASON DECKOW/AP IMAGES; LAUREN BURKE/GETTY IMAGES; NO CREDIT; JUSTIN SULLIVAN; GETTY IMAGES; HALTE NATURED; GETTY IMAGES; D. GITALY ALTERED BY “ROLLING STONE” KEYWORD; DIANE ZAK/GETTY IMAGES; HOWARD BERMAN/GETTY IMAGES; JONATHAN DANIEL/GETTY IMAGES; THOMAS WORTHELL/GETTY IMAGES; LANCOME; MARK W. LONIGAN/GETTY IMAGES; MARY EVANS/NEW LINE CINEMA/EVERETT COLLECTION; DIG TALLY A. TERED BY “ROLLING STONE”

THREAT ASSESSMENT

THE GOOD, THE BAD AND THE SCARY

First gay couple legally wed in New York



Michael Bloomberg gives \$50 million to Beyond Coal campaign.



Ayn Rand's editor calls her work "the best children's literature in America."



California makes undocumented college students eligible for scholarships.



Eco-designer introduces the compostable bikini.



Australia to levy carbon tax



WITH US

John McCain slams "Tea Party hobbits" for working to block debt deal



U.K. bans makeup ads with impossibly airbrushed models.



NFL ends lockout.



Forty-six percent of Americans believe most members of Congress are corrupt.



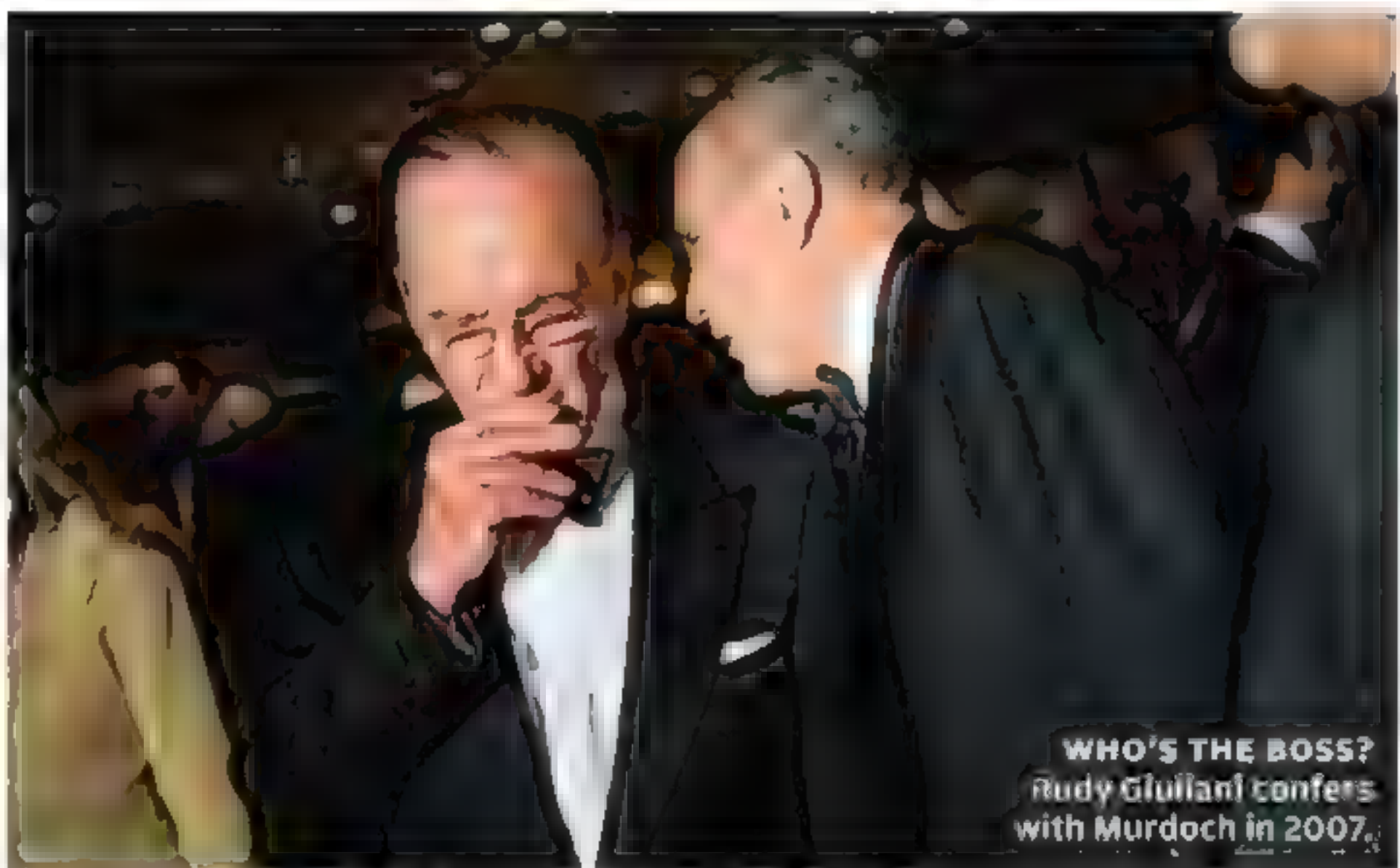
Father of cryonics dies – but not for long.



Palin film *The Undeclared* flames out at theaters.



TOP: BRENDAN SMITH/GETTY IMAGES; BOTTOM: CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: EVERETT COLLECTION; 2: GETTY IMAGES; DIGITALLY ALTERED BY "ROLLING STONE"; 2: DIGITALLY ALTERED BY "ROLLING STONE"; EMANUEL DUNAND/AP; GETTY IMAGES; DIGITALLY ALTERED BY "ROLLING STONE"; CARLOS RARRA/REUTERS/LAMCO; NO CREDIT; DIGITALLY ALTERED BY "ROLLING STONE"; M. KE KEMP/GETTY IMAGES; SCOTT OLSON/GETTY IMAGES; LASPAR BENSON/GETTY IMAGES; EASTLOTT/MOMATU/GETTY IMAGES; DIGITALLY ALTERED BY "ROLLING STONE"; GETTY IMAGES; DIGITALLY ALTERED BY "ROLLING STONE"; JIM JROUHA/AP IMAGES



WHO'S THE BOSS?
Rudy Giuliani confers with Murdoch in 2007.

business actually seemed to confirm Johnson's status for Murdoch as an old-time, walk-on-the-wild-side, dangerous, rule-bucking, proudly cynical newsman," Wolff concluded. Insiders make clear that the worst impulses exhibited by the *Post* and other News Corp. publications come directly from the top. "Murdoch tries to wash his hands of everything when it's convenient and pretend he has no involvement in the day-to-day running of the paper – which is just nonsense," says a former *Post* reporter. "He's always been very hands-on. There were no major decisions taken, even at Page Six, where Murdoch's interests would not be considered."

POLITICAL CORRUPTION Murdoch has built News Corp. into a media empire second only to Disney by horse-trading editorial support for political favors, repeatedly persuading officials at the highest levels of government to bend, break or rewrite rules meant to safeguard the pub-

lic interest. "Murdoch has made himself almost a partner of certain political movements," says Reed Hundt, who tried to rein in monopolistic practices by media giants like News Corp. as chairman of the Federal Communications Commission. "Politicians believe he's going to win in the end, so why tangle with him?"

Long before the rise of Fox News, Murdoch used News Corp. to influence friends in high places. Shortly after purchasing the *Post* in 1977, he plucked Ed Koch out of obscurity and used the tabloid to propel him into Gracie Mansion. "I couldn't have been elected without Rupert Murdoch's support," Koch said later. "Suddenly I was mayor of New York." In 1980, when Jimmy Carter was battling Ted Kennedy for the Democratic nomination and badly needed a primary win in New York, the *Post* endorsed the president. Six days later, Murdoch received a \$290 million loan from the federal government to bail out one

of his Australian companies. News Corp. received an even bigger payoff after it gave House Speaker Newt Gingrich a \$4.5 million book deal in 1994 – just as Congress began debating a new law that removed federal restrictions on Murdoch's media holdings. Under George W. Bush, who owed his election in large part to the inaccurate and biased reporting of Fox News, the FCC blocked the sale of DirecTV to a News Corp. rival, then rubber-stamped its acquisition by Murdoch.

But Murdoch's coziest political bond has been with Rudy Giuliani. In 1994, Giuliani was elected mayor of New York by a narrow margin, thanks largely to the full-bore support of the *Post*. With Giuliani in office, the *Post* continued to back the mayor so slavishly that Rep. Charlie Rangel took to calling it the *City Hall Post*. News Corp. even hired Giuliani's wife, Donna Hanover, as a Fox television reporter, quickly quadrupling her salary to \$123,000.

Giuliani was not shy about rewarding his media patron. When Murdoch moved News Corp. into its current Midtown headquarters, the mayor secured the company a tax break worth more than \$20 million. Then, when Time Warner tried to keep Murdoch out of the New York market in 1996 by refusing to give Fox News a spot in its cable lineups, Giuliani threatened to revoke Time Warner's cable franchise and offered to air Fox News on one of the city's public-access channels. A federal judge blocked the move, upbraiding the mayor for acting "to reward a friend and to further a particular viewpoint." But the rank political favoritism paid off: During Giuliani's first term, according to a study by researchers at the University of Southern California, not a single negative editorial about him appeared in the *Post*.

Scientists say time travel **impossible**.

Growing wealth gap. Whites now **20 times** richer than blacks.

Larry Flynt offers Casey Anthony **\$500,000** to pose in *Hustler*.

Michele Bachmann blows \$4,700 on **makeup artist** in two weeks.

Heat wave kills 22 Americans.

One in 10 fish caught in Pacific has **plastic debris** in its gut.

One-third of Chesapeake Bay now engulfed by **"dead zone"**.

AGAINST US

Iran, North Korea **jointly developing** long-range missile.

Toxins locked for decades in **Arctic ice** re-entering atmosphere.

Congressional gridlock **defunds FAA**.

Activist **Tim DeChristopher** jailed for blocking oil leases.

Deportations rise to all-time high.

Fifty-two percent of Americans approve of **God's job performance**.

POLICE ENTANGLEMENTS Just as the *News of the World* scandal toppled the head of Scotland Yard, News Corp. also brought down one of America's top cops. In 2001, one of Murdoch's publishing chiefs, Judith Regan, signed New York Police Commissioner Bernie Kerik to a book advance worth six figures. In an affair worthy of Page Six, the News Corp. executive was soon literally in bed with the police czar, meeting for sex in an apartment overlooking Ground Zero that was intended to house exhausted recovery workers. Before long, Kerik was tasking NYPD officers as if they were Regan's personal bodyguards, at one point reportedly dispatching them to track down the publisher's lost cellphone.

According to a source familiar with details of the affair, the relationship soured when Regan tried to break it off. Unable to call the cops, she confided in fellow News Corp. executive Roger Ailes, the head of Fox News, hoping he could get Giuliani to rein in Kerik. But Ailes was more concerned about the political fallout. According to legal filings by Regan, Ailes anticipated the damage the scandal could cause the mayor and personally confronted Murdoch, telling him that Regan was "out of control." Ailes grew even more concerned in 2004, when President Bush nominated Kerik - by then a senior vice president in Giuliani's national security firm - to head the Department of Homeland Security. If Regan disclosed her tawdry ties to the former commissioner, Ailes feared, it might harm Kerik's nomination and "more importantly, Giuliani's planned presidential campaign."

To keep the affair hush-hush, Ailes "advised Regan to lie to and withhold information from investigators," and even coached her on limiting her disclosures "as is typically done when Fox News on-air talent receive their 'talking points.'" The alleged obstruction of justice by Ailes has since made headlines, but Regan also fingered "another News Corp. executive," whom she claimed advised her "not to produce clearly relevant documents in connection with a governmental investigation of Kerik."

Regan laid these allegations bare in a wrongful-termination lawsuit she filed in 2007. As it did with its accusers in London, News Corp. moved to paper over the matter by reaching a settlement with Regan worth more than \$10 million. The only one punished in the Kerik affair was Kerik himself, who was sentenced to four years in prison for lying to federal investigators and failing to report income from a News Corp. book advance to the IRS.

MURDOCH MAY SOON FIND himself in even deeper trouble for his dealings with New York police. The Justice Department is currently investigating allegations that News Corp.



reporters tried to bribe a New York cop, seeking to hack the phones of 9/11 victims - a charge that has outraged even the staunchest Fox News Republicans. "It is revolting to imagine that members of the media would seek to compromise the integrity of a public official for financial gain in the pursuit of yellow journalism," Rep. Peter King of New York wrote in a letter to FBI director Robert Mueller, demanding that any wrongdoing be met with the "harshest sanctions available under law."

But the "revolting" practice that King describes is actually at the core of Murdoch's business model. Until the *News of the World* scandal became public, deplorable judgment and even outright criminal behavior have not been firing offenses for Murdoch's top deputies, either in London or New York. A willingness to push the boundaries of the law and common decency, in fact, is what has made Murdoch a billionaire nearly eight times over. Murdoch himself has bragged of possessing files, replete with photographs detailing the sexual escapades of prominent liberals. You know, for leverage. All of which makes laughable Murdoch's claim before Parliament that "I'm the best person to clean this up."

The phone-hacking scandal engulfing News Corp. has led members of the extended Bancroft clan that sold *The Wall Street Journal* to Murdoch to repent of their decision - even though they received what amounted to a \$3 billion overpayment from News Corp. for the paper. "Murdoch thinks he is completely above the law, as he always has," former top shareholder Bill Cox III recently told ProPublica. "We made a deal with the devil."

The sharks are already circling in England, where politicians long cowed by Murdoch's bullying now appear determined to curb News Corp.'s influence. Labor Party leader Ed Miliband, decrying Murdoch

for having "too much power over British public life," has called for a breakup of his U.K. holdings. Here in the United States, institutional shareholders filed suit in July, seeking to change News Corp. from the inside by reforming its board of hand-appointed cronies. The board, the suit claims, has "abdicated its fiduciary duties" by enabling Murdoch to run the publicly traded News Corp. "without any restraints on his pursuit of his political and personal agendas, which has led the company to engage in improper and illegal conduct."

The lawsuit highlights Murdoch's outrageous pay: He's pocketed \$75 million in compensation over the past three years, even as News Corp.'s stock has yielded a negative return. It also blasts his "rampant nepotism," noting the extravagant overpayment he made to acquire his daughter Elizabeth's production company, Shine - a deal that made her \$250 million richer at the expense of the company. But even as Murdoch's children have come back into the News Corp. fold, his dreams of creating a media dynasty have never been more troubled. As the fallout from the hacking scandal continues in London, the *News of the World's* former editor is accusing heir apparent James Murdoch of lying to Parliament about his knowledge of the hush money paid to hacking victims.

As each *News of the World* revelation exposes the root and branch of corruption at News Corp., the increasingly desperate Murdoch has responded by hacking off branches. In removing Les Hinton, the publisher of *The Wall Street Journal*, he cut off an executive he once said he would trust his life to. In getting rid of Rebekah Brooks at *News of the World*, he abandoned a deputy he favored like a daughter. Son James now looks like the next branch to go. But until Rupert Murdoch sees fit to remove himself, the root of all that's vile at News Corp. will remain the same. **©**

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AMY WINEHOUSE 1983-2011



WOMAN ON THE
VERGE Winehouse
performing in New
York in 2007

By JENNY ELISCU



SITTING IN A POPULAR MIAMI diner with rain pouring down outside, Amy Winehouse and her new husband, Blake Fielder-Civil, had plenty of reasons to celebrate. "Rehab" was racing up the charts, and the pair had snuck off that morning to get married. When the giant frozen-strawberry cocktail she ordered appeared, Winehouse delighted in the drink's over-the-top tackiness: "It's called the Big Pink-arita!"

I was interviewing Winehouse for her 2007 *ROLLING STONE* cover story, and had met her five days earlier, in Toronto. The marriage was a surprise; during our first meeting Winehouse had been inconsolable after a vicious fight with Fielder-Civil. At the diner, she glanced over and pointed at my cheek. "You've got an eyelash right there," she said sweetly. "You've got to make a wish. I would have got it for you, but it might be weird if I reached over and touched your face." Her tender gesture was as disarming as her obvious intoxication — and the white powder visible in her nostrils from her frequent trips to the bathroom — was disturbing. "I look after people," she later said. "I'm very loyal. Very defensive. I'll always stick up for someone."

This is the Winehouse her friends and family knew: a sweet, maternal nature paired with a bottomless appetite for self-destruction. It all ended tragically at her London apartment on July 23rd, when Winehouse was found dead at the age of 27. Police called the singer's death "unexplained" while they await results of a toxicology report, but her family believes that her death was caused by withdrawal

brought on by an attempt to quit alcohol cold-turkey — following a disastrous attempt at a comeback tour in June. "Three years ago, Amy conquered her drug dependency," her father said at her July 26th funeral in London, which was attended by friends including Kelly Osbourne and producer Mark Ronson. "The doctors said it was impossible, but she really did it. She was trying hard to deal with her drinking and had just completed three weeks of abstinence." Winehouse's father told congregants that his daughter had not been

"I DIDN'T THINK IT WAS SPECIAL TO BE ABLE TO SING," WINEHOUSE SAID IN 2007. "I JUST DIDN'T UNDERSTAND."

depressed, and had been happily playing drums and singing in her apartment the night before.

As *Back to Black*, her great, defining second album, shot back into the Top 10, crowds gathered outside her Camden home, creating a makeshift memorial with flowers, paintings, cigarettes and bottles of vodka. "She knew what she was capable of and didn't even need to try," wrote Adele, whose current chart-topping success is hard to imagine without Winehouse opening the door. "If she wanted to do something, she would, and if she didn't, she'd say fuck off. Amy paved the way for artists like me."

Winehouse's voice was husky and sultry and sad, like a broken heart marinating in whiskey and cigarette smoke. It sounded like it came from another time, echoing Sarah Vaughan and Billie Holiday and even Janis Joplin, who, like Jimi Hendrix, Jim Morrison, the Rolling Stones' Brian Jones and Kurt Cobain, also died at 27. "I've never seen any other artist free-style as if somebody's taking a knife and stabbing their heart," says Winehouse's backing vocalist Zalon Thompson, a close friend. "When she was singing, it was like it was from her diary. It sounds so simple, but she was able to connect. She was a walking truth."

Back to Black was an instant classic, with a startling blend of modern and retro R&B that appealed to a huge cross section of music fans, selling more than 10 million copies worldwide. Its breakthrough single, "Rehab," was Winehouse to a T: wisecracking, defiant, self-deprecating and somehow hopeful. She never apologized for her personal demons, and with the success of "Rehab," even made them her calling card. She was brazen about the crack, coke and alcohol she abused, and she created chaos wherever she went, from showing up wasted on the British quiz show *Never Mind the Buzzcocks* to heckling Bono while he accepted an award, yelling, "Shut up! I don't give a fuck!"

When Winehouse was 22, she met Fielder-Civil — a music-video production assistant — at a local bar, and their on-again-off-again relationship seemed to unravel what had already been a fragile personality. Playing gigs became secondary to spending time fussing over her "baby"; their previous breakups had been devastating for Winehouse, inspiring *Back to Black*'s darkest moments, like "Wake Up Alone," a heartbreak ballad as depressing as its title suggests. "I felt terrible about the way we treated each other," she said after they married. "I thought we'd never see each other again. Now I just want to enjoy myself and spend time with my husband." That plan was derailed: A year later, Fielder-Civil was sentenced to 27 months in jail for assault and bribery charges.

Contributing editor JENNY ELISCU wrote Winehouse's 2007 cover story.



Better Days

Winehouse at home in North London at around age 10 (1), by which time she had formed a rap duo called Sweet 'n Sour. A decade later, she released her debut album, which was nominated for a Mercury prize (2). Onstage with Back to Black producer Ronson in 2008 (3).

WINEHOUSE GREW up in Southgate, in North London, a blue-collar Jewish kid raised on classic pop standards by Frank Sinatra and Dinah Washington. Her parents, Mitch, a cab driver, and Janis, a pharmacist, married in their early twenties and split when Amy was nine. Though she and older brother Alex mostly lived with Janis, Amy considered herself a daddy's girl – a tattoo on her left shoulder even bore the phrase. While we were in Toronto in 2007, Mitch was in town for a couple of days, and Amy clearly loved doting on him, making him a turkey-and-cucumber sandwich that he said reminded him of a matzo-banana combo she used to fix for him. “I was a very silly, very hyper kid,” she said at the time.

By age 10, Winehouse had formed a Salt-n-Pepa-inspired rap duo called Sweet 'n Sour with her best friend, and started messing around with Alex's guitar a couple of years later. “When I got a little bit of money, I got my own, so I could play whenever I wanted,” she said. “I always wrote poetry and stuff like that, so

putting songs together wasn't that spectacular.” She showed early promise at the Sylvia Young Theatre School and studied briefly at the esteemed BRIT School for performing arts – the same school Adele later attended – and a few others. She pierced her nose, began smoking pot and skipping class, and dropped out of school when she was 15.

Winehouse started singing with a jazz band when she was 16, and playing solo gigs – just her and her guitar – a few years later. It wasn't long before a friend offered her free studio time to track some demos, but Winehouse was perplexed: “I didn't think it was special to be able to sing,” she said. “And I didn't understand that I could go in a studio and pay nothing, and write whatever I wanted to write. I just didn't understand why.”

In 2002, she signed a management deal with *American Idol* creator Simon Fuller's 19 Entertainment, a publishing deal with EMI and a label deal with Island UK. Later that year, she went to Miami to record her first album with Salaam Remi, who had produced music for Nas and the Fugees. “She came over and sat down

and I was like, ‘So what do you do?’” recalls Remi, who continued working with Winehouse until her death. “She picked up an acoustic guitar, started singing ‘Girl From Ipanema,’ and pretty much just lit up the whole room.” Her jazzy 2003 debut, *Frank*, earned critical raves and awards at home, including a nomination for the Mercury Music Prize and the Ivor Novello Award for songwriting.

But as strong as her debut album was, it barely hinted at the greatness of the record that would follow. On *Back to Black*, Winehouse underwent a remarkable transformation – from a conventionally pretty, promising performer to a tattooed, beehived diva belting songs about desperate love. She started dating Fielder-Civil in 2005, and the pair would hang around her local Camden bar spinning classic girl-group and Motown tunes on the jukebox, playing pool and, especially, drinking. She attributed the shift from her early jazz sound to the Sixties R&B of *Back to Black* to her transition from being a stoner to a drinker. “I used to smoke a lot of weed,” she told *ROLLING STONE*. “I suppose if you have an addictive personality, then you go from one poison to the other. The whole weed mentality is very hip-hop, and when I made my first record, all I was listening to was hip-hop and jazz. The weed mentality is very defensive, very much like, ‘Fuck you, you don't know me.’ Whereas the drinking mentality is very ‘Woe is me,

AMY WINEHOUSE

oh, I love you, I'm gonna lie in the road for you, I don't even care if you never even look my way, I'm always gonna love you."

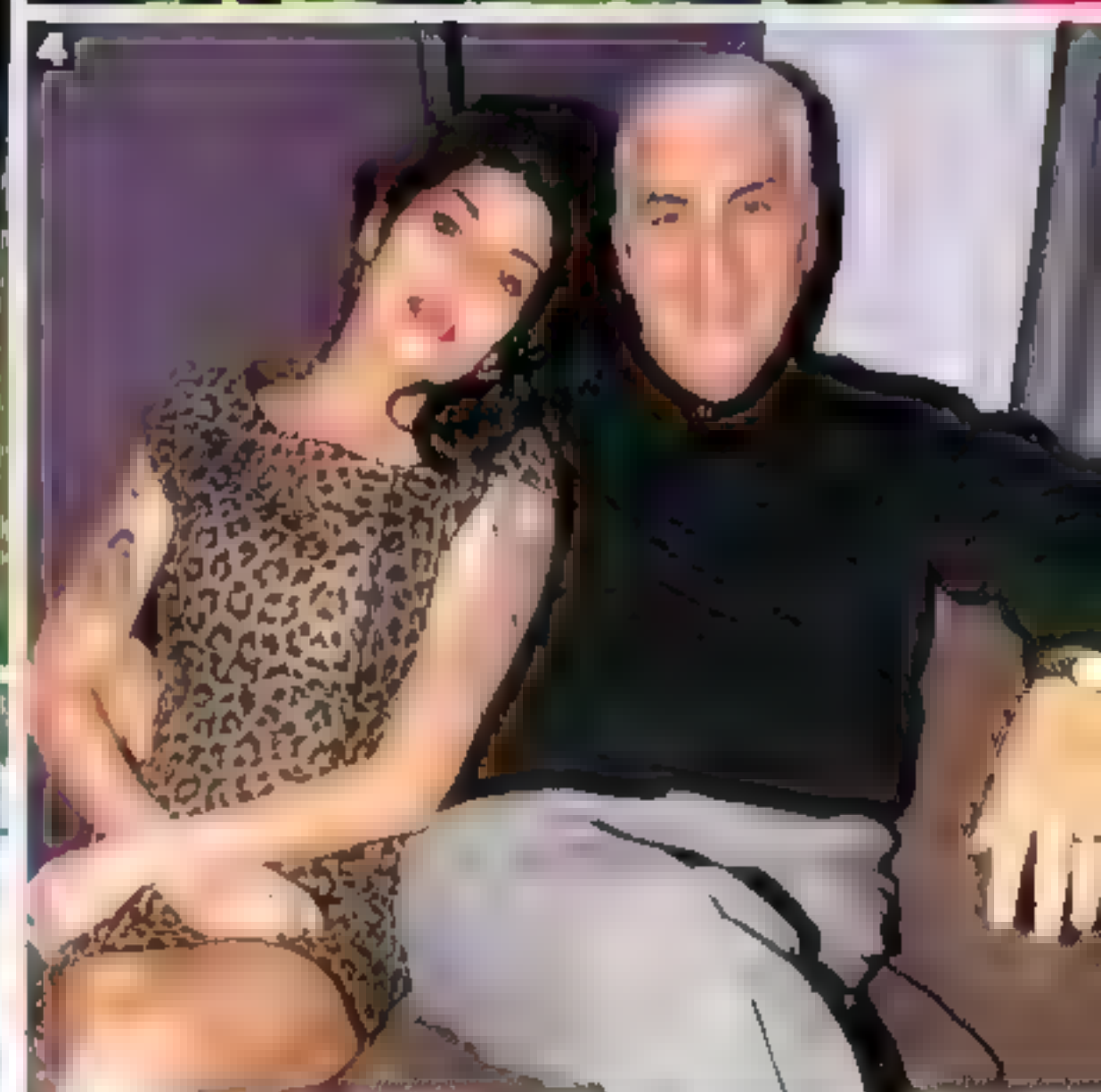
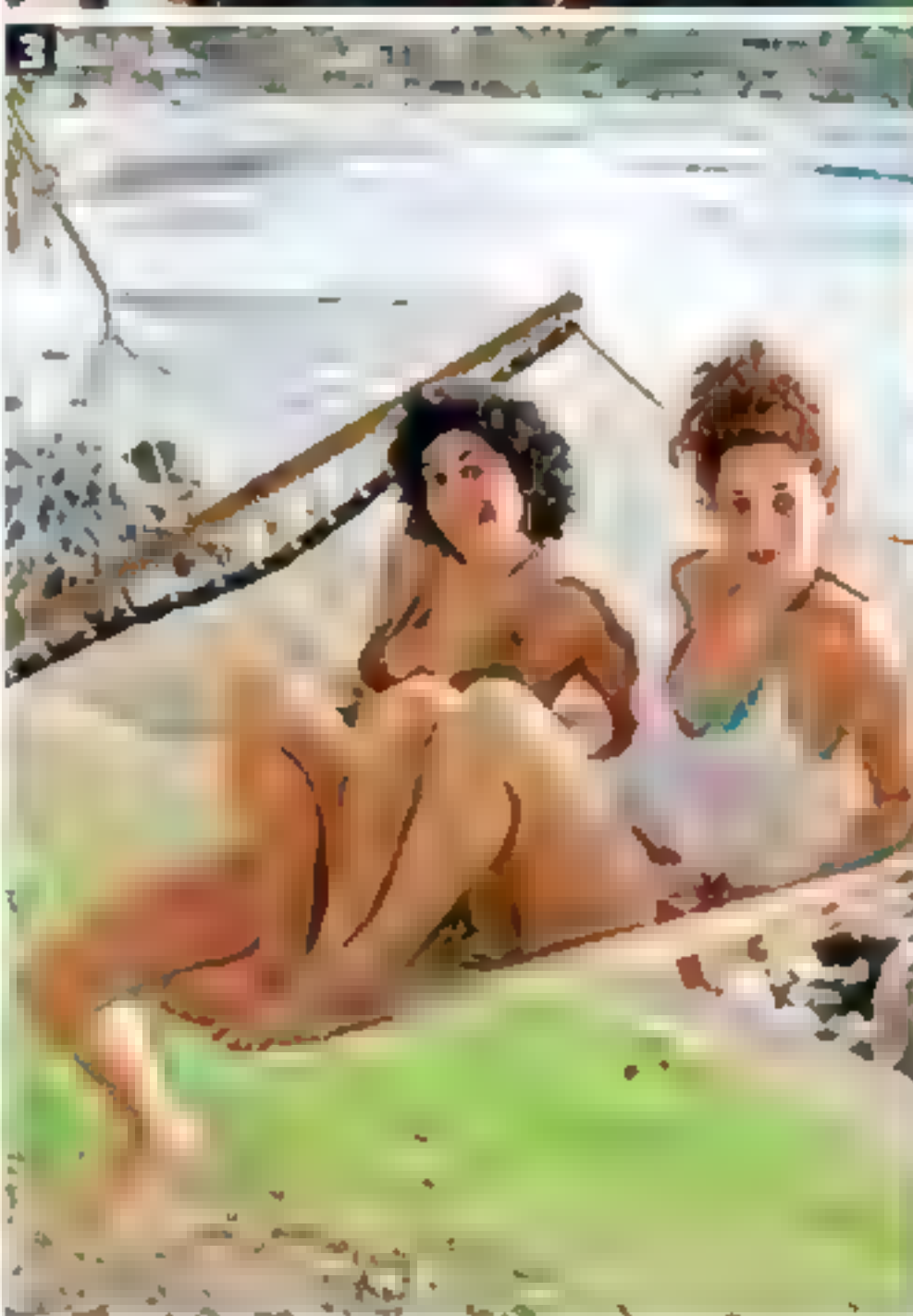
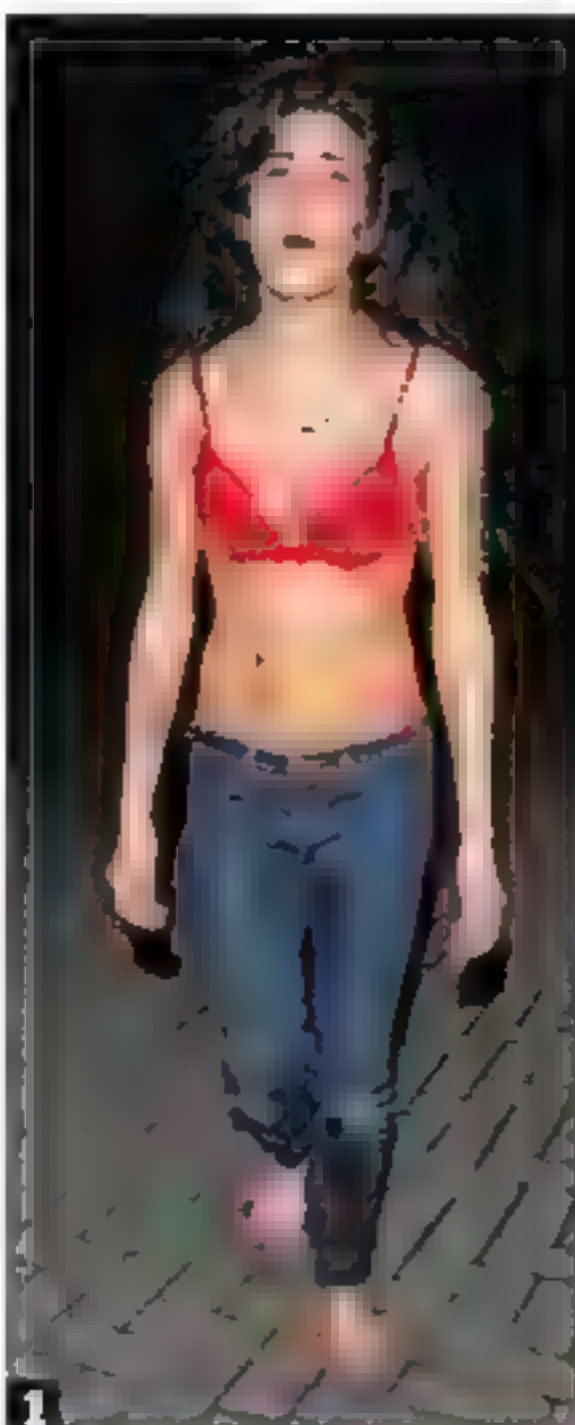
She re-teamed with Remi for some of *Back to Black*, but the stroke of genius was pairing her with producer Mark Ronson, who had built his reputation as a DJ but had begun producing songs for Lily Allen, Sean Paul and Christina Aguilera. Ronson recruited the eight-man Brooklyn funk-and-soul crew the Dap-Kings to back Winehouse on tracks including "You Know I'm No Good" and "Rehab," imparting an authentic retro-cool vibe perfectly suited to Winehouse's aesthetic. "It was obvious that she knew the difference between what sounded good and what sounded bad," says Dap-Kings guitarist Binky Griptite, who toured with the singer in 2007 and remained her friend. "She had good taste. That's increasingly rare. There are so many artists whose record collections only go back five years. You gotta know some history, and she knew some history. That's why we're sitting here talking about her."

Ronson recognized the huge-voiced singer with a bad-girl look as part of a tradition stretching back to the Sixties. "The Shangri-Las had that kind of attitude: young girls from Queens in motorcycle jackets," he told *ROLLING STONE* at the time. "Amy looks fucking cool, and she's brutally honest in her songs. It's been so long since anybody in the pop world has come out and admitted their flaws, because everyone's trying so hard to project perfection. But Amy will say, like, 'Yeah, I got drunk and fell down. So what?' She's not into self-infatuation and she doesn't chase fame. She's lucky that she's that good, because she doesn't have to."

(Upon learning of Winehouse's death, Ronson expressed heartbroken shock, tweeting, "She was my musical soulmate and like a sister to me. This is one of the saddest days of my life.")

The exposure brought on by Winehouse's ballooning fame – and the demand to tour behind the album – accelerated her decline. "She was always questioning her own ability," says Dougie Charles-Ridler, a longtime friend and the owner of the Hawley Arms, a favorite hometown pub. "She'd have a shot of tequila or a glass of wine just to settle her nerves. She needed more of that to settle her nerves as time went on, and it got kind of out of control." And her vulnerability was obvious to the people close to her. "There was one time on the *Back to Black* tour when the tour manager was looking for Amy, and she was two hours late," adds Charles-Ridler. "Suddenly there's someone hanging on my door, and I open it, and it's Amy. She ran and jumped in my bed and hid under the duvet. And it just showed. She was just so scared."

Winehouse briefly went to rehab in early 2008 after U.K. tabloid *The Sun*



A Diva and Her Demons

Winehouse's behavior became increasingly erratic in 2007 (1) following her marriage to Fielder-Civil (2), who went to jail on assault and bribery charges a year after they wed. She seemed to improve during a 2009 trip to St. Lucia (3), where she reportedly kicked hard drugs. The singer, who had a tattoo that read DADDY'S GIRL, with her father, Mitch, in 2010 (4). A month before her death, Winehouse broke down at the first stop of a planned tour in Serbia (5).

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP: LEFT: PICTURES; BAKER; GIP; FEIN; REX USA; RIGHT: PHOTOS/PAC; F. GLOASTNEWS.COM; BRETT AND NATALIE KAFFEE; PAC; FICCOASTNEWS.COM; JON F. JON SS; W. REIMAGE

published a video of her smoking crack, but subsequently told ROLLING STONE's Claire Hoffman that she was on drugs the whole time she was there. Almost as soon as Winehouse won her five Grammys in February, accepting them via satellite due to a visa issue, the focus began to shift from anticipating her next album to anticipating her next public meltdown.

During her separation from Fielder-Civil after his incarceration, things got worse. In one bizarre incident, a video surfaced on YouTube of a wasted Winehouse and notorious ex-Libertines singer Pete Doherty playing with newborn white mice, their fingernails caked with what appeared to be black resin. But Winehouse remained remarkably unguarded, despite the army of paparazzi camped out in front of her house (and whom she occasionally would send on errands). "To be honest, my husband's away, I'm bored, I'm young," Winehouse told ROLLING STONE. "I felt like there was nothing to live for. It's just been a low ebb."

BUT BY EARLY 2009, WINEHOUSE seemed to be doing better. She traveled to the Caribbean island of St. Lucia for several months, where she reportedly kicked hard drugs. The singer's gaunt frame started filling out, and island life seemed to revivify her spirit. She formed deep bonds with locals, in particular Marjorie Lambert, the 57-year-old owner of Marjorie's Beach Bar & Restaurant, a sweet little bamboo-and-wood cabin whose specialties are creole-style seafood and spiced rum punch. Occupying a pair of villas on the grounds of the nearby Cotton Bay Village resort, Winehouse found a kind of privacy she never got in London. Sometimes she would play a song on the white baby grand in the lobby of the resort or surprise tourists by performing *Back to Black* songs on Marjorie's karaoke machine. She became so close with one of Lambert's six grandchildren, an eight-year-old named Dannika, that she began inquiring about adopting the girl. And when a friend of Lambert's was suffering from a hernia and couldn't afford the operation, Winehouse offered to handle the \$6,000 cost. "She helped so many people here," Lambert says. "She would be everybody's friend, and she loved children. She'll be there just like us, sitting, eating together, laughing together, giving jokes, you know?"

Winehouse and Fielder-Civil finally split in early 2009, when he filed for divorce after photos surfaced of Winehouse snuggling with a new beau in St. Lucia. They legally divorced in August that year. (Fielder-Civil recently returned to prison to serve a 32-month sentence on burglary and firearms charges.) And early last year,

Winehouse showed further signs of improvement, successfully re-teaming with Ronson to record a cover of Lesley Gore's 1963 hit "It's My Party" for a Quincy Jones tribute album and seeming healthy and happy during the session. She kept busy in other ways, too — she started a label, Lioness, to release music by her goddaughter Dionne Bromfield, a teen soul singer after her godmother's own heart. This past March, she joined Tony Bennett at Abbey Road Studios to record the Thirties jazz standard "Body and Soul" for Bennett's upcoming *Duets II* album. "She was an extraordinary musician with a rare intuition as a vocalist," Bennett said. "She was a lovely and intelligent person, and when we recorded together she gave a soulful and extraordinary performance."

As much as she prized her Camden hometown, the notoriously gritty Northern London burg where Winehouse had lived ever since moving out of her moth-



"SHE SEEMED REALLY UPBEAT," A FRIEND RECALLED. "IT WAS LIKE THE OLD AMY COMING BACK."

er's house, it was not a good place to escape bad habits. In the days after her death, some Camdenites even said they didn't think her benders were that bad, compared to their own. "People often dismiss Camden Town as a place where drug addicts gather, lost souls," says Richard Osley, deputy editor of the *Camden New Journal*. "There was an affection among Camden regulars for her. If she was a mess-up, she was their mess-up. Everybody felt the same: neighbors, the local news agent, the local cafe, the Marathon kebab house where she would turn up late at nights, and so on. That's why people were hoping she would pull through."


As she planned for a 12-date European tour this spring, Winehouse checked herself into the Priory clinic in London for a "rehab assessment," reportedly at her father's request. The clinic released her just a week later, allowing Winehouse to complete the rest of her treatment as an outpatient so she could go on the road. Her representative released a statement saying that Winehouse was "now looking for-

ward to playing shows around Europe this summer and is raring to go."

"Before she went away, it all seemed fine — she did a gig at [London's] 100 Club, she did a little gig here," confirms the Hawley Arms' Charles-Ridler. "And she seemed really upbeat. The color in her face was a lot better and she seemed to have put on weight, and it was like the old Amy coming back."

But the first show on that tour, at Kalemegdan Park in Belgrade, Serbia, on June 18th, was a disaster. Before an audience of 20,000, a visibly inebriated Winehouse fumbled her lyrics, missed cues and occasionally stopped singing entirely while her backing vocalists carried on. The crowd began booing, and she threw a shoe at them. On June 21st, after footage of the performance went viral, Winehouse's rep announced that the singer was "withdrawing from all scheduled performances," canceling the 11 remaining dates and saying, "Everyone involved wishes to do everything they can to help her return to her best and she will be given as long as it takes for this to happen." Her final public appearance came less than a week before her death, when Winehouse showed up onstage during a Bromfield gig at the London Roundhouse, dancing nearby while her goddaughter sang the Shirelles' "Mama Said." She looked sober but nervous, less like a lioness and more like a little girl.

For fans, one solace is the possibility that there is more music than just the few dozen tracks she released in her lifetime. There are *Back to Black* outtakes that could eventually see the light of day, and Winehouse was reported to be working with Remi, ?uestlove, Raphael Saadiq and others on a follow-up. When Hoffman visited her for ROLLING STONE, Winehouse described what she had in mind: "When the songs are done, they'll be all atmospheric and cool like that. They might be like these girls I've been listening to, like the Shangri-Las."

And she was looking forward to brighter days. Remi says Winehouse was supposed to attend the wedding of her first manager, Nick Shymansky, the day after she died, and that he, Winehouse and Nas were planning to vacation together in Barbados this fall to celebrate the singer and rapper's shared birthday on September 14th. "We'd actually been working on her third album for the last three years — here in London, in Barbados, Jamaica and St. Lucia," Remi says. "We'd talk on Skype regularly for two or three hours at a time. She was better — better than she was three years ago, for sure, and in a different space. She's gone, but what she's done is going to live on forever." 

Additional reporting by PATRICK DOYLE, MONICA HERRERA, OLLY PARKER *and* COURTNEY RUBIN



MEET THE SHEEPDOGS

After 1.5 million votes cast, these four Altercation fans from Saskatchewan are living a very hairy rock & roll fairy tale. By Austin Scaggs

PHOTOGRAPH BY DANNY CLINCH



Drummer Sam Corbett, bassist Ryan Gullen, guitarist Leof Hanson and singer Ewan Currie (from left)



LAST DECEMBER, EWAN CURRIE WAS SITTING IN A BAR in Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan, well on his way to extreme drunkenness. “Shit was bleak,” he says: After six and a half years together and countless touring treks across the vast Canadian landscape, his band, the Sheepdogs, was tens of thousands of dollars in debt and out of breaks. Just a month before, the Sheepdogs had been invited to

a showcase of Canadian acts in front of some music publishers; the band had made the trip to Los Angeles, only to play a couple of songs to a listless crowd of industry types. “I was left with this feeling of hopelessness,” says Currie, the band’s singer. “I saw high school friends get jobs and get married and become adults, and I’m still pursuing this artistic dream where I have no money, no assets and a shitty car I can’t even afford to register.”

“It felt like nobody was paying any attention,” says bassist Ryan Gullen. “It was like, ‘What do we do now?’”

At that moment, Currie’s cellphone rang. It was Gullen, with some strange

Contributing editor AUSTIN SCAGGS interviewed Elton John in RS 1124.

news: The Sheepdogs had just been hand-picked as one of the 16 unsigned groups eligible to compete in a North American battle of the bands. The Sheepdogs weren’t even aware that they’d entered the competition – a Canadian music manager they’d randomly met at a party in Toronto had submitted their demo. The winner, Currie learned, would be on the cover of *ROLLING STONE* and score a deal with Atlantic Records. “It was mysterious and surreal, but of course I was intrigued,” Currie says, sipping margaritas with his bandmates – Gullen, drummer Sam Corbett and guitarist Leot Hanson – at a burrito place in their remote hometown of Saskatoon. “I couldn’t make sense of it. I was so far away from the action in Los Angeles and Toronto and New York. I was like,

‘I’m here now in Moose Jaw, so far away from everything. How am I going to be there?’” Currie’s bandmates nod when he adds, “This contest was a life preserver for us. It got our juice back.”

Now, after more than 1.5 million votes cast and four intense rounds of competition, which included a performance at Bonnaroo and appearances on *Late Night With Jimmy Fallon*, these four longhaired and bearded Canadian dudes in their mid-twenties who worship Seventies-era rock, soul and blues – particularly if it hails from the southern U.S. – have emerged as the winners of the contest, and become the first unsigned band to appear on the cover of *ROLLING STONE*. And deservedly so: After hundreds of shows – at open-mic nights, 20-capaci-



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ty bars, hot dog stands, a yurt and even in a tree – the Sheepdogs have perfected their vintage boogie-rock sound, with its flourishes of psychedelia, Allman Brothers-inspired guitar-weaving (they simply call it “guitar-mony”) and winding three-part vocal harmonies. Their third album, 2010’s *Learn & Burn*, is immediately gratifying, recalling the Doors, Neil Young, the Beatles, Allen Toussaint and Creedence Clearwater Revival, and their tight live sets have the power to instantly win over classic-rock fans. Their new Atlantic Records labelmate Kid Rock, who mentored the Sheepdogs in the competition, is now a full-fledged fan. “They’re exactly where rock & roll should be,” he says.

And after I played my three favorite Sheepdogs songs for Kings of Leon’s Caleb and Nathan Followill – “I Don’t Know,” “Please Don’t Lead Me On” and “I Don’t Get By” – the Kings have invited the band to open their Canadian arena tour in October. “They have a timeless sound, and you can hear their influences from song to song,” says Caleb. “I can’t wait to hear those harmonies live.”

those really linger.” The driver’s-side window doesn’t work, nor do the AC or heat. Baseball cards from the early 1990s featuring ballplayers with impressive facial hair decorate the Dodge, and a giant dream-catcher hangs from the rearview mirror.

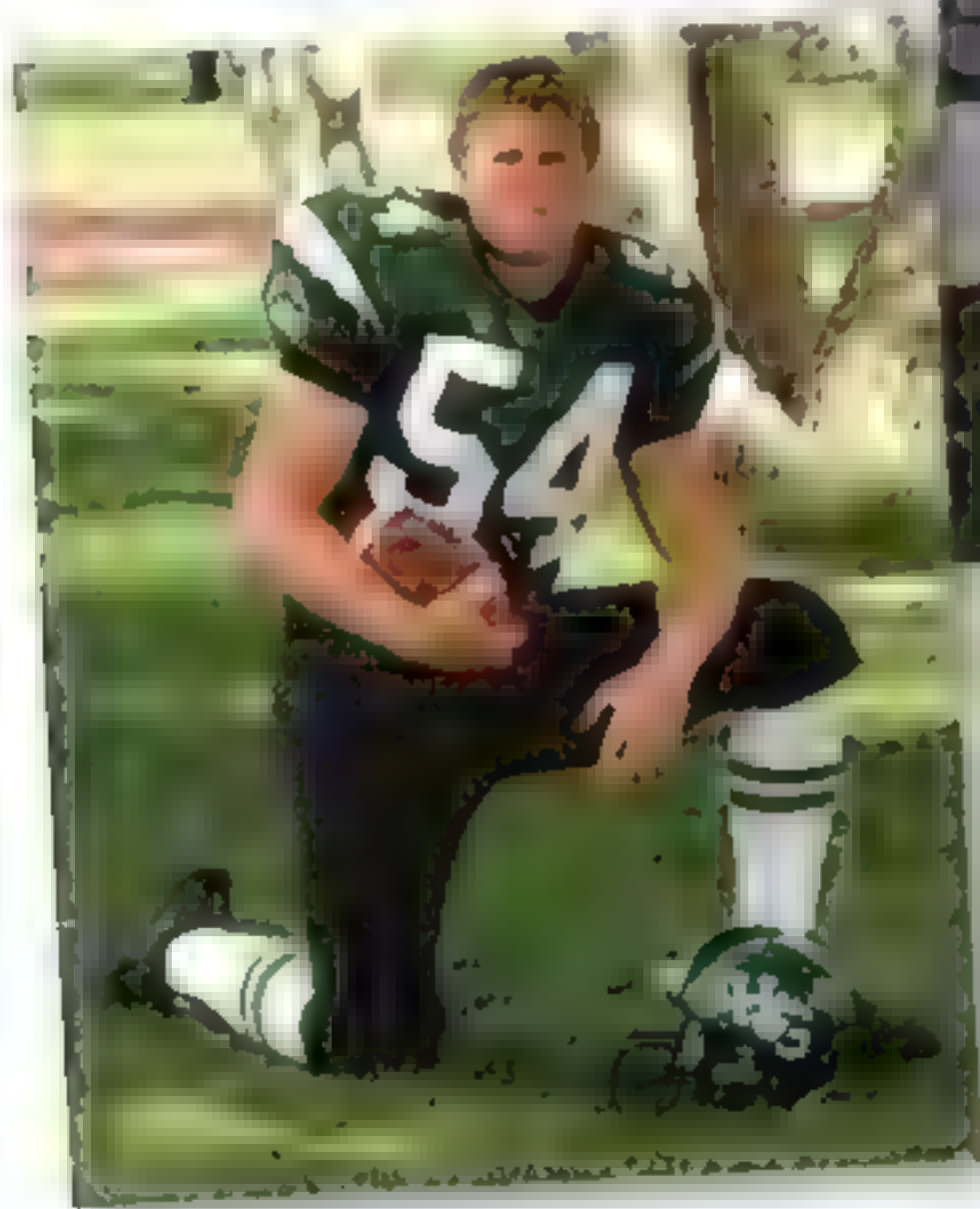
The Sheepdogs’ nightmare touring stories are epic. “Basically, anything and everything that could have gone wrong has gone wrong for us,” says Gullen. They can’t agree on the most dispiriting moment, but the time their van’s transmission blew on the way to Calgary is near the top of the list. For the last four hours of the

tally sucked, and people would say, ‘You guys should’ve played this place,’ or ‘Oh, you should play that night,’ or ‘Oh, if only Ribfest wasn’t going on up the street.’ We felt like we were cursed.”

The Sheepdogs nearly disqualified themselves from the competition in March, in the midst of the marathon drive from Saskatoon to Toronto, en route to New York for round two of the contest. “We were near Sault Ste. Marie, and a cop coming the other way swings around and pulls us over for obstructed license plate, ‘cause we were in a fucking snowstorm,” says Gullen, who was at the wheel. “The cop sees



ROOKIE SEASON
First recording session, 2005.
Left: Currie in college, 2004.



THE SHEEPDOGS HAVE LOGGED hundreds of thousands of kilometers in their white 1998 Dodge 3500 touring van. Nobody’s sure of the exact number because the speedometer and odometer no longer function. They use a GPS navigator to monitor their speed. “There are two schools of thought,” Gullen says. “You either put it on the dash where the speedometer actually is, but then it slides around, or you put it in the cup holder.”

“The emergency-brake light, the engine light, the air-bag light and the oil light are always on,” says the soft-spoken Corbett. “And it smells like a combination of weed, cigarettes and old fast-food bags –

drive, they had to stop every 10 minutes and pump in gallons of transmission fluid. They finally ditched the van 15 minutes from town, had friends drive them to the gig, and returned the next day to discover a pile of broken glass in the van’s place. Or when they drove 34 hours to Toronto for a big-city club gig and arrived to find that the club was closed that night. (They all peed on the door.) Or the tour when their van was broken into four times. Or the multiple times they’ve booked shows in Halifax, only to have nobody show up, making the 50-hour drive back to Saskatoon even more depressing. “There’s that Delaney and Bonnie song called ‘Lonesome and a Long Way From Home,’” says Currie. “I play that song at moments like that.”

“Touring has always been a total crapshoot,” says wild child and guitar prodigy Hanson, whose Saskatchewan accent is so thick you sometimes can’t understand what he’s saying. “We’d play a bar that to-

my long hair, and the second thing he says to me is, ‘Where’s the bud?’”

“I was asleep in the back, and I had a half-ounce and some hash,” says Currie, who sprinkles weed references in his lyrics and is the band’s only pot smoker. “And Ryan figures it’s best to fess up. So I give the cop my pencil case with the weed.” The cop led Currie to his patrol car, where he tried to scare the singer straight. “He was like, ‘This could kill you! You’re throwing your life away! It’s a gateway drug!’ He basically made me shit my pants for 20 minutes.” The cop handed Currie the bag, ordered him to stomp the dope into the snow and let him off with a warning, and proudly told them, “I knew you had weed in there! You know why? Because down at the precinct they call me the Nose!”

There are incidents whenever they cross the U.S. border. “One time the border agents saw the dream-catcher, which has feathers on it, so we waited there while they brought out the, like, wildlife spe-



LELIA BROUSSARD

Our second-place finisher is a folk-pop talent who just played the biggest gig of her life – with more on the way

LELIA BROUSSARD FELL JUST SHY OF making the cover of *ROLLING STONE*, but there's plenty of evidence – from the catchy guitar-pop tunes she's written to the set she played at Bonnaroo in June – that she's going to be just fine. "I'm thrilled to have been a part of the contest," she says. "I feel like I can hold my head high with how I've performed."

Broussard is only 22, but her singing career began 16 years ago, with a different kind of contest: a karaoke competition in her native Lafayette, Louisiana, during half-time at a soccer game. Six-year-old Lelia beat out three adults by singing Patsy Cline's "Crazy." "She just belted out the song!" her mother, Mary, says. "Everyone in the stadium rose to their feet. It was surreal." Broussard kept on singing; by 17, she was living in New York, working as a waitress and performing in clubs. With an accidental assist from a crummy boyfriend – their breakup gave her plenty of material – Broussard wrote the tunes that filled her 2010 album, *Masquerade*, a collection of highly melodic, emotionally vulnerable songs with hints of Feist and Paul Simon.

Then *ROLLING STONE* called. After she battled her way through three rounds of RS's Choose the Cover contest, Broussard lived out a dream: performing for a big crowd at Bonnaroo. Her set drew an enthusiastic response from the audience – some of whom even imitated the signature striped face paint that she wears onstage. "I looked out, and there were so many people," she says. "There were girls in the front who had their face painted like me and people with [Lelia Broussard] T-shirts. It was overwhelming."

Up next for Broussard: a new EP (*Wolves at My Door*, out now), more shows and some hang time in New York with her painter boyfriend. Don't be surprised if you see Broussard on a big stage someday: "What I did at Bonnaroo, I want to do it every night." **TOURÉ**



STYLING BY ROBERT MOJNAR | HAIR BY PETER BUTLER FOR GARNIER FRUCTIS | MAKEUP BY FRANCES HATHAWAY FOR MAC & YONKA AT JUMP | TANK TOP BY BARMEYS NY | PANTS BY DENIM & SUPPLY | RALPH LAUREN

cialist," says Gullen. "Then she saw our hairy vests in the back that we sometimes wear onstage, and she thought we were fur traders!" As a parting shot, the border authorities always ask what the name of their band is, and then shoot back, "Never heard of ya."

IT'S THE FOURTH OF JULY, ONE week before the Sheepdogs learn of their victory, and the band is back in Saskatoon, the largest city in the Midwest province of Saskatchewan, some 200 miles north of the Montana border. In winter, the temperature sometimes drops to 40 below, and summer days are warm and pleasant, if not for the infestation of mosquitoes, with the sun shining well into the evening. The population of Saskatoon hovers around 200,000, but Hanson contextualizes, "It's big enough where you can have sex with a girl and, if you're lucky, not see her again for three weeks."

There's not much to do in Saskatoon. The glow-in-the-dark curling rink would have been fun, Gullen says, but it's closed for the summer. "It's a nice city, but it's so isolated," says Currie. "The edge of town really is the edge of town." The biggest source of provincial pride is the Saskatchewan Roughriders, the Canadian Football League team, who play down in the capital city of Regina and just got their asses handed to them in the season opener.

After tacos and multiple margaritas, the four Sheepdogs pile into Gullen's black VW Jetta. They all have their own cars, but the VW is the only ride they can afford to register. It is determined that we'll spend the evening bar-crawling, but first we stop by a package store for a sixer of Pilsner tall boys, and as we walk toward the banks of the South Saskatchewan River some local loser asks what we'll be doing with the sixth beer. Standing on a picnic table near the riverbank, Hanson points across the river at the squat downtown skyline, which is dominated by a Radisson hotel and framed by the antiquated Broadway and Victoria bridges. Currie hastily breaks down a sticky bud and rolls a joint. The rest of them fish Export A cigarettes from their packs, and everybody lights up.

"There's an old saying, 'Saskatoon's got nothing but hookers and hockey players,'" says Gullen, dressed like a rebel hippie with a bandanna headband, denim Lee jacket, and tightfitting jeans with slightly belled bottoms that flare out over his snakeskin boots. When he's not on the road, Gullen makes ends meet by working with the disabled. (Until recently, Currie worked as a bartender; Hanson picks up construction jobs, and Corbett works as a shoe salesman.)

"Joni Mitchell went to high school here," Corbett points out.

"Rowdy Roddy Piper was born here," says Currie with mock pride, disregarding the fact that the former WWF wres-

ting star wore a kilt and claimed he was Scottish.

Soon, they're bored of talking about Saskatoon, and start interviewing me about American culture.

"How short is Sylvester Stallone? Is he shorter than Tom Cruise?" asks Hanson, whose first name, Leot, has been handed down through his Norwegian ancestry.

Corbett: "Do you guys consider Delta the shittiest airline?"

Currie: "Is Bruno Mars the guy with the hat?"

Gullen: "Are there any inner-city equestrians, jumping over shopping carts and burnt-out cars and shit?"

Hanson: "Does Nashville have cockroaches?"

Currie, now quite stoned: "I never really thought about the term 'cockroach.' There's 'cock' and there's 'roach.' If you break it down it's not so bad."

"Yeah," says Gullen. "Two things you like to smoke."

"ANYTHING AND EVERYTHING that could have gone wrong for us has gone wrong for us."

After about 10 minutes, a swarm of mosquitoes has won the battle and we repair to the Yard and Flagon Pub, one of many bars and clubs that line Broadway Street, the three-block cultural epicenter of Saskatoon. The Sheepdogs have played every place on the strip, save for a run-down dive called Vangelis. ("My friend calls it Vagi-smellys," says Currie.) Despite the inherent tensions that arise from playing in a band together, the Sheepdogs seem to get along well. "A girl told me a story once about Eskimos," says Currie. "How they build up anger toward each other, but the weather is so bad that they redirect all of their anger toward that one common enemy. So, I guess, dealing with all of our problems, the constant troubleshooting... maybe that helps us not sit around and fester all of our hatred for each other."

Three days earlier, on Canada Day, the Sheepdogs played their biggest hometown show ever, drawing more than 3,000 fans to an outdoor stage downtown. The *ROLLING STONE* competition has cap-

tivated Saskatoon, and much of Canada. Friends and strangers approach them in the Yard or pull their cars over to congratulate them on reaching the finals. The placard in front of the local KFC reads VOTE FOR THE SHEEP DOG! and they were just featured on the cover of a local magazine, wearing suits and smoking cigars. They even have the support of Canada's ultraconservative prime minister, Stephen Harper. "We met him in Ottawa, where the parliament is," says Gullen. "We were opening a show for Bachman and Turner - they don't tour with the Overdrive anymore. His wife told us that they'd voted, and we gave them Sheepdogs pins."

"We got our picture taken with them," says Currie, "which is akin to having your picture taken with Bush. I mean, people really hate this guy in the artistic community. He's cut funding to the arts. But we're not superpolitical. And it was Sunday night and he was at a rock & roll show, so that has some merit, right?"

It's after midnight now, and we hop in a cab. The band repeatedly apologizes for taking me to the Colonial, but nevertheless we're on our way. It's a scummy roadhouse in a strip mall, less a singles bar than a sex farm for blithering drunks. Inside, it's a social melting pot: toothless degenerates, binge-drinking collegians and alcoholic members of the First Nations. One short, muscular white guy in a spandex T-shirt has a tribal tattoo across his face that would make Mike Tyson blush. "He's probably from Delisle," says Gullen. Blaring through the speakers is the awful yet extremely popular Canadian band the Tragically Hip, and occasionally the DJ will allow some inebriate to sing karaoke.

The Sheepdogs down congratulatory Jäger shots at the bar, and Currie drags me to the DJ booth to duet with him on "As Days Go By," the theme song from *Family Matters*. Gullen joins us for Steely Dan's "Peg," with everyone trying to nail Michael McDonald's original backing vocals. Nobody knows where Hanson is, but he eventually resurfaces outside the bar. He was 86'ed from the Colonial after bouncers spotted him with an illicit substance in a bathroom stall. They won't let him back in, so we're off to the band's friend's recording studio for more drinking and smoking, and an ill-advised jam session. At 3 a.m., Gullen calls it a night by vomiting all over the steps of the studio.

YOU CAN'T ESCAPE THE REMOTENESS of Saskatoon - and the lack of opportunities that comes with that - in the songs Ewan Currie writes: "I don't get by, I just sit around getting high," he sings in the melancholy country rocker "I Don't Get By." "There's a world outside my window/I guess I'll languish right here in obscurity," he muses on "Learn & Burn," the title track from their [Cont. on 82]

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CLOSE-UP

PIVEN'S LAMENT

Jeremy Piven would like everyone to know that he's really not like Ari Gold

BY ERIK HEDEGAARD


NO ONE IS MORE MISUNDERSTOOD in more ways than Jeremy Piven. It all has to do with Ari Gold, the rapacious Hollywood agent he's played for the past seven years on HBO's *Entourage*. People think Piven is just like Ari, a real jerk of a guy. But he insists that he isn't, and while downing a cup of coffee on a recent afternoon in midtown Manhattan, he offers various proofs. For one, he grew up in Chicago, where his parents ran the Piven Theatre Workshop, and raised him in the grand traditions of the theater. "I remember this one guy in L.A. said to me, 'Aww, you're from Chicago. I get it, that's why you look people in the eye. People from Chicago do that.' And I was like, 'Where am I supposed to look at you? Your crotch?'" Then there's the time he had to fire his agent after the guy said to him, "Baby, baby, baby, it's about the money. It's about the money."

After that, Piven, 46, refills his coffee and touches on his 25 years in the business ("I've played more best friends than actual friends that I have in this life"), before zeroing in on *Entourage*, which changed everything. His agent suggested he pass, saying, "This isn't that great for you." And even Piven was thinking, "Wait a minute, I can't be billed after a character named Turtle." But he finally decided "that nothing good comes from living inside your ego. So I jumped in." He smiles. His teeth are very white. "And here we are."

Along the way to here, he began to develop this nasty Ari-esque reputation. He was said to be a rampaging womanizer, a pompous douche. Even when he

did good, no credit accrued. In 2006, for example, he was standing in line at a club bathroom when fellow actor Stephen Dorff attempted to cut to the front. Piven stuck out his arm and reportedly said, "You are going to wait in line like the rest of us, you privileged, spoon-fed son of a bitch." For that alone, he should be revered and called a douche no more. And yet it did nothing for him. Furthermore, Piven himself deeply regrets the Dorff incident: "You've got to pick your battles, and telling Stephen Dorff off isn't one of them, so I'm a dummy."

The biggest blow to his rep came in 2008, when a case of mercury poisoning forced him to quit a David Mamet play, which resulted in a lot of bad press. Piven spends 20 minutes telling his version of events. It's rich in detail and features numerous attending physicians, references to growing up in the theater, where nothing was more important than the show, and several words about his father, Byrne, who died in 2002, after which Piven sobs quietly for a few moments. "It was," he says, "a very strange time in my life."

But back to Ari Gold and the misunderstanding. Piven leans forward. "There are people who think there's no way after playing that character for so long that you're not that guy. There was a time when I was angry. I had road rage. But if playing a character like Ari doesn't allow you to get it out of your system, then there's something wrong with you. These days, when someone cuts me off, I'm like, 'Hey, how are you?' Look, I'm not an evolved and enlightened person. I'm tragically flawed. But I'm trying. My God, am I trying." 

PHOTOGRAPH BY PETER YANG





Given in
New York
There was
a time
when I was
angry



DESOLATION ROW
Camp Corail was supposed to be a safe haven for Haitian refugees, but it was built next to a flood plain and almost destroyed during a heavy storm.

BEYOND RELIEF

A year and a half after Haiti was reduced to rubble by an earthquake, the world's unprecedented effort to rebuild it has turned into a disaster of good intentions

By JANET REITMAN

I

N MARCH OF LAST year, two months after the devastating earthquake that killed 300,000 Haitians and left more than a million homeless, Sean Penn was faced with a monumental challenge. Penn, who had been spending most of his time in Haiti since the quake, was running a large camp for inter-

nally displaced persons in the foothills of a wealthy suburb of Port-au-Prince, on what had been the city's lone golf course. Nearly 60,000 poor and middle-class Haitians, most from Haiti's devastated capital, had migrated here, pouring over the crumbled walls of the exclusive country club, and established a spontaneous and overcrowded city of crude dwellings fashioned from plastic sheeting.

One night, a heavy rainstorm reduced much of the golf course to mud. Penn turned to Lt. Gen. Ken Keen, commander of the U.S. military's Joint Task Force Haiti, a 22,000-strong deployment, which was helping to lead the international relief effort. Keen immediately assigned the Army Corps of Engineers to come up with a drainage plan. Before the work could begin, however, some 5,000 refugees would have to leave the golf course. The question was where to put them.

After Penn and Keen met with U.S. and Haitian officials, it was generally agreed that the best option was to relocate the refugees to an area roughly nine miles north of the capital called Corail-Cesselesse, which had recently been commandeered by the Haitian government. The area was secure, and believed to be less vulnerable to flooding than the makeshift camp. "It wasn't the ideal circumstance, but it was safe," recalls Keen. "Given the choice of living in a riverbed that was surely going to be flooded or being safe in Corail, it was a decision made out of necessity."

It fell to Penn to explain the situation to the Haitians. So he took his translator and walked to the bottom of the golf course, where some of the refugees' leaders had gathered. The men were suspicious of Penn, believing him to be in cahoots with Haiti's wealthy landowners, a small and privileged elite who had ruled the country for generations and were now trying to forcibly evict many refugees from their land, often at the point of a gun. To the people living in Penn's camp, the "optional relocation" he was proposing smacked of a prelude to a larger, mandatory exodus.

"Look," said the actor, sitting down with the Haitians in a tent. "I don't give

a fuck about the rich guys who own this club." He didn't even want them to leave, he said, but what was the choice? He pulled out a map of the drainage plan the military engineers had devised. Those ditches were a necessity, he said - without them, thousands of people might die in a mudslide or flood. Then he took out a Google Earth photo of Corail, a wide swath of land, some 18,000 acres, and laid out the proposal: Each family that agreed to move to Corail would get \$50, courtesy of the American Red Cross, and a hygiene kit. They would also get shelter, food rations, clean water, free medical care and a school for their kids. And they would be first in line for jobs in Korean-owned garment factories that the Haitian government pledged would soon be built in the area.

"That's the plan," Penn said. "We'll step outside, you guys decide. If it were me, I would take my kids out there rather than stay here."

Within days, thousands of refugees had agreed to move to Corail. On Saturday, April 10th, 2010, the first group left the golf course in a caravan of buses, the exodus chaperoned by United Nations peacekeepers. They arrived, disembarking onto

In the aftermath of the move, no one in the State Department or the Haitian government seemed willing to take responsibility for the relocation - or even for the rationale behind it. "I've yet to see any evidence that proves that anyone was in more danger on the golf course than they would have been anywhere else - though everybody in Haiti thinks they were," says a senior U.N. official who asked not to be identified. "What the move proved was that it's possible to 'save' 5,000 people if you say they're in a dangerous situation and put them in what you call a safe situation. It was the most grotesque act of cynicism that I've seen for some time."

Penn, for one, admits that Corail was a problematic choice. "It's a very vulnerable area," he says, adding that he realized this immediately, having toured the site soon after it was selected. "It struck me as desolate, but we had an emergency, and this was an emergency-relocation area - I never said it was anything else," he insists. "I feel like shit. I hope those guys are OK when it rains out there. I feel an extra responsibility - of course I do. But we were betrayed." Penn says he was assured by international monitors and aid agencies that Corail was a safe place to live,

"A ton of people living in a flux state, without safe shelter, who don't know what the future holds," says an aid worker. "That's Haiti post-earthquake in a nutshell."

a dusty, cactus-strewn patch of land in the shadow of a denuded mountain that turned out to be as vulnerable to the elements as the golf course. Their new homes - bright white tents set up on the baking gravel - were both hot and flimsy; three months after the refugees arrived, hundreds of the tents would blow away in a heavy windstorm. There were no schools, no markets, and the closest hospital was miles away. There were also no jobs, as the hoped-for factories would not be built for months - or even years. To return to the city meant a long walk to a bus stop followed by a several-hour commute. They were marooned.

"I went out there with our engineers, and we were all like, 'What is this? It looks like Chad,'" recalls Julie Schindall, a spokeswoman for the relief organization Oxfam, which signed on to build latrines and provide water to Corail. "I have no idea how they selected that camp. It was all done very last minute - we had to set the entire structure up in a week."

and that shelters would be built within three months. A year later, the shelters, constructed of crude plywood, were just being completed. There were still no hospitals and no factory jobs: Corail, it turns out, doesn't have enough water to supply the garment manufacturers who promised to locate there.

But the lure of would-be jobs has driven a mass migration of Haitians to the land abutting Corail. By the first anniversary of the earthquake, the population of the once-deserted territory had swelled to more than 100,000 people. "It was like the gold rush," says one U.N. official, close to the process. "Within about a week of people moving to Corail, you had all these other people rushing out there to stake their claim. People were up there buying and selling plots of land - completely illegally." The going rate, she says, was about \$1,000 a plot.

Dubbed "Canaan," after the biblical promised land, the Corail region is now one of Haiti's 10 largest cities, as well as

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its largest and most squalid camp, a bitter irony lost on no one involved in the relief effort. "Corail is a ton of people living in a flux state, without safe shelter, who don't know what the future holds," says Schindall. "It's Haiti post-earthquake in a nutshell."

IT WASN'T SUPPOSED TO BE THIS way. In the immediate aftermath of the earthquake on January 12th, 2010, the international community resolved not only to rebuild Haiti, but also to establish new and more efficient models for dispensing humanitarian aid. President Obama, calling the tragedy "cruel and incomprehensible," pledged "every element of our national capacity" to the response. Former Presidents George W. Bush and Bill Clinton created a special fund for Haiti; the American Red Cross launched a wildly successful appeal, raising close to \$500 million in one year. In total, an estimated one in two American households donated more than \$1.4 billion to Haiti relief, with close to \$11 billion more for reconstruction pledged by donor countries and financial institutions. "We will be here today, tomorrow and for the time ahead," Secretary of State Hillary Clinton promised during a post-quake visit to Port-au-Prince.

American and international officials gave their plan for Haiti a simple and compelling name: Building Back Better, a term that came into vogue after the tsunami that struck Asia in 2004, and that has

ON THE FRONT LINE

Sean Penn has impressed aid workers with his ability to break through bureaucracy - his refugee camp boasts a hospital, a school and clean water.

since become something of a mantra in the development world. In a radical shift away from traditional approaches to foreign aid, "building back better" attempts to go beyond simple relief and not only to rebuild shattered structures, but to restructure, in a sense, shattered societies. At the forefront of this effort is private-sector investment being leveraged to build the kind of infrastructure needed to promote economic development and attract foreign corporations: roads, power lines, factories, markets. "The hope," explains Matthew Bishop, co-author of *Philanthrocapitalism: How the Rich Can Save the World*, "is that using the private sector will be a lot more efficient. Traditional aid has been extremely wasteful. When it is allowed to take the lead, the private sector is more likely to try something new or entrepreneurial."

But despite all that has been promised, almost nothing has been built back in Haiti, better or otherwise. Within Port-au-Prince, some 3 million people languish in permanent misery, subject to myriad experiments at "fixing" a nation that, to those who are attempting it, stubbornly refuses to be fixed. Mountains of rubble remain in the streets, hundreds of thousands of people continue to live in

weather-beaten tents, and cholera, a disease that hadn't been seen in Haiti for 60 years, has swept over the land, infecting more than a quarter million people.

In the midst of such suffering, only a fraction of the money devoted to Haitian relief has actually been spent. This May, the U.S. Government Accountability Office reported that of the \$1.14 billion allocated by Congress for Haiti last year, only \$184 million has been "obligated." In a letter to the Obama administration this spring, 53 Democratic members of Congress blasted the "appalling" conditions in the refugee camps. "The unprecedented relief effort has given way to a sluggish, at best, reconstruction effort," said Rep. Barbara Lee, who is demanding an accounting of how the relief money is being spent. There is, she said, a "lack of urgency on the part of the international community."

As the relief effort has dragged on for well over a year, virtually every actor involved has blamed the others: U.S. aid officials pitted against Washington bureaucrats, U.N. agencies against private aid groups. Some veteran insiders blame a new breed of technocrats who, with little to no experience in development, have descended on Port-au-Prince armed with bold theories and PowerPoint presentations, as if the entire country were a case study from Harvard Business School. Others say the goals were too lofty, the plans unrealistic; maybe Haiti, the poorest country in the Western Hemisphere, was simply too damaged to be fixed. Or

perhaps the very idea of fixing Haiti at all is a flawed concept, revealing not only the limits of Western humanitarianism but the folly of believing that any country and its problems are ours to set right.

Amid all the finger-pointing, however, nearly everyone taking part in the relief effort is quick to place at least some of the blame on the Haitians themselves. "Corruption is the reason those reconstruction funds haven't broken loose," says one U.S. business consultant, who describes most Haitian politicians as "pathological narcissists" with little interest in helping their own country. Such accusations have been made by outsiders for as long as outsiders have tried to help Haiti – which itself may be the biggest problem. "Haitian people have always found a way to get rid of those who've tried to control them," says Raoul Peck, Haiti's former minister of culture. "It's very easy to point at the Haitians for being corrupt or weak. What's much harder is looking at what's wrong with those who say they are just trying to help."

LAST FALL, A LINE OF GRAFFITI began to appear on walls throughout Port-au-Prince: *BON RETOUR J.C. DUVALIER* ("Welcome back, J.C. Duvalier"). It was a reference to Haiti's last dictator, Jean-Claude "Baby Doc" Duvalier, who, prior to being deposed in 1986, presided over a kleptocrat-

Angeles and back again. Enormous piles of this debris, some sprouting odd pieces of metal or computer parts, now comprise much of what used to be small neighborhoods. Choking clouds of exhaust hover above the roads, which are clogged with idling cars as well as people, dogs, cows, donkeys, the odd pig. Some 1,000 camps, or "informal settlements," have sprung up in seemingly every available space in the city: vacant lots, basketball courts, soccer fields, road medians, the large, gated plaza in front of the prime minister's office, even the Champs de Mars park, across from the National Palace, home now to some 10,000 people.

Filth – whether it's human waste or the giant heaps of rotted mango peels, empty water bottles and other refuse that line the roads and ditches and canals – is as much a part of life in post-earthquake Haiti as frustration and despair. "There are things in this country you just can't believe," one exhausted aid worker tells me. "I'm at this river the other day, and here's what I see: three men washing some Land Rovers in the water, two pigs having sex, a group of children gutting some pigs and cleaning their intestines right next to the pigs having sex, and a few women washing clothes and bathing – all in the same tiny part of the river. And next to all of that was a hand-washing poster put up by some NGO to teach people good hygiene."

The relief effort was blindsided by the cholera outbreak. "If you haven't seen it," says one health official, "it's hard to believe how quickly cholera can become a major catastrophe."

ic police state of such paranoid dimensions that writer Graham Greene dubbed Haiti the "Nightmare Republic." Today, in a testament to their current-day nightmare, some traumatized Haitians have begun to yearn for the days of Duvalier in the same way that some Iraqis, in the wake of the U.S. invasion, came to idealize life under Saddam Hussein. "It's selective memory," explains my translator, a cynical former businessman named John. "At least with Duvalier, we had lights."

It is a broiling November day, and John and I are driving through the wreckage of what used to be Port-au-Prince. Two-thirds the size of Manhattan, Haiti's capital is still buried under some 8 million cubic meters of rubble – enough, according to one expert, to build a road from Port-au-Prince across the ocean to Los

Haiti's dysfunction, while undeniably exacerbated by the quake, goes back generations. The first independent black republic in the world, it has been hobbled for most of the past century by a series of repressive dictatorships and military regimes, and so dependent on Western aid groups that since the late 1990s, it has been known throughout the development world as "the Republic of NGOs." The earthquake didn't so much destroy Haitian society as it exposed how deeply broken that society already was. In 35 seconds, the quake leveled government ministries and the National Palace, killed an estimated 20 percent of the country's civil servants, and severely damaged 50 of the nation's hospitals. Schools collapsed on their students; churches collapsed on their clergy; and houses built



into the hillsides crumbled like sand, sliding to the bottom of the ravines. From his home overlooking Port-au-Prince, Charles Henri Baker, a Haitian manufacturing titan, recalled seeing the dust rising from the city, and with it the cries of "3 million people calling to Jesus."

During the first few days after the quake, not a single Haitian official – not the president, the prime minister or any cabinet member – emerged to make a public statement. "Their excuse was they were in shock," says Raymond Joseph, Haiti's former ambassador to the United States. "OK, you're in shock, I understand. But act like leaders. Summon the people, tell them something of comfort – do something. No one did."

Over the next few weeks, the amount of aid pledged to Haiti began to outpace the



nation's ability to absorb it. Just a few days after the quake, Doctors Without Borders shut down its appeal for Haiti relief funds, informing donors that it simply couldn't spend any more. But most aid groups continued to fundraise for Haiti long after their emergency-relief capacities were maxed out. The American Red Cross has raised \$479 million for Haiti, for example, yet it had "spent or signed agreements to spend" only \$245 million by the one-year anniversary of the tragedy. The rest remains in an interest-bearing account, awaiting the commencement of "building back better."

Aid workers in Haiti concede that their efforts remain as focused on relief as on reconstruction. "We are ramping up recovery - building more stable housing, a medical infrastructure, that kind of

THE PLAGUE

After the earthquake, cholera - a disease not seen in Haiti since the 1950s - swept through the country, killing thousands.

thing - but we're still out there digging ditches, sandbagging hillsides, replacing tarps and tents," says Julie Sell, the Red Cross spokeswoman for Port-au-Prince. "The relief phase, to be honest, is still ongoing. We all wish we were further along than we are."

Sell, like most other aid officials, is trying to put a rational spin on a situation that is both irrational and, by the looks of things, completely unmanageable. On top of the earthquake, aid workers in Haiti are contending with a cholera crisis, a disease of poverty spread through poor sanitation and contaminated drinking water.

These are all things that NGOs like the Red Cross have expertise in fighting, but larger structural issues often trump their best intentions. Because international NGOs get most of their money from large government agencies, they are beholden to the broader policy imperatives of their funders. "The big problem is that most NGOs are only really accountable to their donors, when we should really be accountable to the people we're trying to serve," says Dr. Louise Ivers, senior health and policy adviser for Partners in Health, a Boston-based NGO that has worked in Haiti for 25 years. Some organizations, she notes, "exist only to write grant proposals that respond to specific donor requests. If your mandate is just to follow the money, then the money determines what happens."

The money that poured into Haiti after the earthquake was focused almost solely on relief efforts in and around Port-au-Prince. As a result, dozens of health-oriented NGOs in Haiti focused their work in the capital, all but ignoring the countryside. So last October, when reports of people dropping dead of cholera in the rural Artibonite Valley 90 miles from the capital began to emerge, many in the aid community were blindsided. Even as the epidemic made its way to Port-au-Prince, some relief organizations still didn't respond. "It was as if, somehow, those 400 or 500 deaths in the Artibonite weren't registering," says Ivers, who had an office in St. Marc, where the outbreak started. "If you haven't really seen it with your own eyes, it's hard to believe how quickly cholera can become a major catastrophe." Within a month, cholera had become a national epidemic.

One morning, during the height of the epidemic, I attend a meeting organized by the U.N. to coordinate efforts to contain the cholera outbreak. About 60 relief workers from groups like Oxfam, the World Health Organization, UNICEF, the American Red Cross and Save the Children crowd the small room at the offices of Haiti's ministry of water and sanitation, sitting on tables or on the floor. There is a representative from USAID and another from the Centers for Disease Control. There are also a few U.N. peacekeepers and a U.S. Army captain in Oakleys. There are only a handful of Haitians in the room, half of whom are translators.

The meeting, which is held in French, begins with a PowerPoint presentation on the scope of the cholera epidemic, conducted by a frazzled aid official named Pierre-Yves Rochât. Word has come down from the Haitian health ministry that there are only 800 cholera cases in Port-au-Prince, a number everyone in the room knows is a lie. "They're dropping like flies," a CDC official whispers. At one hospital on the outskirts of town, there were 1,200 cases in a single day.

Much of the meeting is spent complaining. An official from an international aid agency notes that Port-au-Prince is now overflowing with waste, yet 52 disposal trucks that have been imported to handle it are still sitting in customs. Another says that waste from cholera-treatment centers has been dumped at the Truitier landfill, which happens to be located on a major aquifer. Rodrigo Silva, a Portuguese waste-management specialist, offers what seems like a reasonable proposal: Perhaps the NGOs should consider composting the cholera waste instead of dumping it. In unison, officials from Doctors Without Borders, the Pan American Health Organization and UNICEF shoot him down, insisting that chlorine, an extremely effective bacteria-killer, is the only sensible option to neutralize cholera waste. Dejected, Silva leaves the room.

Crisis Management

The best and brightest have struggled with the monumental challenge



Cheryl Mills

Hillary Clinton's chief of staff has been running the relief effort. Even before the earthquake, Mills demanded a rethink of how the U.S. doles out foreign aid.



Bill Clinton

As co-chair of the Interim Haiti Recovery Commission, the former president wields tremendous power but has been frustrated by the slow pace of the recovery.



Rajiv Shah

The 38-year-old director of USAID had been on the job for just two weeks when the earthquake destroyed Haiti; he had no previous experience in disaster relief.



Lt. Gen. Ken Keen

The commander of the U.S. military's Joint Task Force Haiti, a 22,000-strong deployment, led the international force that rushed to Haiti after the quake.

I find him outside smoking a cigarette. A skinny guy in his early thirties, Silva has been in Haiti for months trying to initiate projects that rely on "ecological sanitation," which many development specialists advocate for undeveloped countries like Haiti. So far, though, Silva has had almost no luck except with small NGOs like Give Love, founded by the actress Patricia Arquette. "I go to these meetings, and everybody's talking about problems, not solutions," he says. "I try to make suggestions, but no one listens. I don't know why."

In the end, nothing is decided. After two hours, the aid workers, who have spent most of the meeting arguing, make a dash for the door, getting into their cars to sit for hours in Port-au-Prince's traffic en route to the next meeting. These weekly gatherings, which are designed to streamline relief efforts, wind up seeming like an exercise in futility. "What sucks is that we spend all of our time sitting in

traffic going to all of these meetings," says one veteran aid worker, who has been working in Haiti for a year, "and wasting even more hours of our day when we could be doing something else — like helping Haiti."

MANY OF THE DECISIONS about how best to help Haiti, in fact, were conceived well before the earthquake struck. In the spring of 2009, Hillary Clinton, having recently assumed her post as secretary of state, identified Haiti as a top priority. Both she and Bill Clinton shared a deep and difficult history with the country. The former president "fell in love" with the island during his honeymoon there in 1975, and the Clinton homes in New York and Washington were decorated with Haitian art. But his policies only drove the country deeper

into despair. Clinton imposed harsh sanctions on the island after its democratically elected leader, Jean-Bertrand Aristide, was deposed by a military coup in 1991. He also backed an ambitious program of "structural adjustment" designed by the World Bank and the International Monetary Fund to turn Haiti into a Caribbean Taiwan, refocusing its resources away from farming toward more lucrative sectors like export manufacturing. It was known as the "American Plan."

The strategy was a disaster. Small farms were crushed by a sudden influx of subsidized food imported from the United States. No longer able to sell their produce, hundreds of thousands of peasants were driven off their farms and into the cities and shantytowns, mostly in Port-au-Prince, where they competed for jobs at American-owned assembly plants, earning less than \$2 a day. Last year, Clinton apologized for the plan. "We made this devil's bargain, and it wasn't the right thing to do," he said. "It was a mistake that I was a party to. I did that. I have to live every day with the consequences."

The earthquake, say some involved with the relief effort, seemed to offer Clinton a chance to make amends. "Personally, I think Bill Clinton wants to redeem himself," says Joseph, Haiti's former ambassador. "He realizes he made mistakes. So now, if he can do something good for Haiti, leave a legacy, then he can say, OK, I cleared my name."

In the fall of 2008, a year and a half before the earthquake, Clinton appealed to world leaders and other members of his Clinton Global Initiative to help Haiti recover from a series of devastating hurricanes. By the end of the year, CGI members had committed more than \$100 million to Haiti relief. The U.N., which had launched its own appeal, raised less than half that amount.

In the winter of 2009, U.N. Secretary General Ban Ki-moon invited Clinton to Haiti, and soon afterward asked him to serve as his special envoy, using his unique brand of star power and political clout to garner much-needed investments for the country. It was a job Clinton had done before, drumming up aid after the catastrophic tsunami in Asia. In Haiti, he hoped to do even more. "Clinton had this idea of a grid," one adviser recalls. "He was going to figure out what all the needs were in Haiti, chart them, and then match them up with the people who had the money. The idea was to get every base covered, to fill in all those boxes, not just the ones that were sexy. And he thought he could do it quickly."

In Washington, meanwhile, Hillary Clinton was pursuing a Haiti strategy that dovetailed neatly with her husband's efforts. Within the State Department, Haiti was viewed, in the words of one official, as a "laboratory": a petri dish in which

America could prove that it could be a force for good in the world. The impulse falls squarely within the Clinton doctrine known as "smart power," which stresses the importance of diplomacy and development to further U.S. interests. For too long, Clinton believed, the West had embraced "development for development's sake," throwing money at poor countries without demanding either accountability or results. Haiti had received so much foreign assistance over the years — more than \$300 million annually from the U.S. alone — that it had become a virtual, albeit dysfunctional, ward of the West, and a poster child for the inadequacies of foreign aid.

In April 2009, Clinton ordered a thorough review of U.S. policy toward Haiti. She wanted a new strategy grounded in "evidence-based solutions." "The idea," recalls Cheryl Mills, Clinton's chief of staff, "was that if we're putting in the assistance,

time into Haiti and gotten nothing out of it?" recalls Robert Maguire, chairman of the Haiti Working Group at the U.S. Institute of Peace, who was part of a kitchen cabinet of experts who met with Mills to discuss Haiti policy. Mills was appalled, Maguire recalls, by the abysmal record of U.S. aid in Haiti, and was particularly critical of the NGOs, many of which had spent decades there without producing any lasting change. She was unhappy that so much money was outsourced to private development agencies, whose accomplishments rarely justified their exorbitant fees. Mills was also frustrated with the inflexibility of development purists in accepting new ideas.

The purists, in turn, criticized Mills as a political operative who, for all of her good intentions, was "not qualified to engineer sophisticated development approaches to Haiti," as one puts it. Maguire, however, was impressed. "This old, established sys-

In the midst of Haiti's suffering, only a fraction of the money raised for relief has been spent — prompting 53 Democrats in Congress to blast the reconstruction as "sluggish at best."

we need to know what the outcomes are going to be."

Mills was chosen by Clinton to steer the review. An elegant, 46-year-old graduate of Stanford Law School, Mills was as strong a Clinton loyalist as anyone in Washington. She had worked in the White House office of legal counsel throughout Bill's presidency, defending him during his impeachment hearing. She also served as Hillary's chief counsel and unofficial campaign manager during her 2008 presidential campaign. "If something's on the other side of a brick wall and the Clintons need it," said one former White House colleague, "she'll find a way to get to it: over, around or through."

But Mills, to some minds, was a questionable choice to lead what became the State Department's Haiti Task Force. She had no prior experience in international development, nor did she think she needed it. Her role, as she saw it, was as a problem solver: In order to come up with the best policy possible, the United States needed to maximize its resources, cut costs and leverage the expertise of as many people as it could, including those in the private sector.

"Cheryl Mills came in and started asking very hard questions, like 'Why is it that we've put all this money and all this

tem had been deficient in the worst possible way, and Cheryl was determined to figure out a new way of doing things that would be more effective, both for the U.S. and for Haiti," he says. "She was not accepting business as usual. And because of that, she stepped on a lot of toes."

Mills was particularly unpopular at USAID, the long-troubled, deeply understaffed agency that has been at the helm of development programs for the past five decades. Since the end of the Cold War, USAID has suffered tremendous budget cuts that have resulted in its role being almost entirely absorbed by the State Department, which controls its budget. For those at USAID who resented this loss of autonomy, Mills became a symbol of their agency's emasculation. To those she favored, Mills could be warm, funny, witty and supportive. But like the Clintons, she could also be vindictive to those who crossed her. "I don't doubt that Cheryl means well," says one State Department official, "but she scares the shit out of everyone."

During the summer and fall of 2009, Mills dispatched several teams of experts to Haiti to assess the best investment options. They paid particular attention to a strategy drawn up by Oxford University economist Paul Collier, who maintained

that with its low-paid workforce and loose labor regulations, Haiti could become a major supplier for the apparel industry. The ideas weren't dissimilar from the policies that had been foisted on Haiti as far back as the Duvalier era. "That same model of T-shirt manufacturing was tried in the 1970s, and was an utter failure," notes a U.N. official. "The entire model is based on paying people so little that it doesn't activate the economy. It keeps the labor force subsisting, but there's not enough surplus in their salaries to do more than keep their family alive."

Mills nonetheless embraced Collier's idea, as did Bill Clinton, who made a special trip to Haiti in the fall of 2009, escorting international CEOs around Haiti's farms and factories and promoting its tourism potential. Manufacturing, Clinton believed, was "a great opportunity, not only for investors to come and make a profit but for the people of Haiti to have a more secure and a more broadly shared, prosperous future." He also envisioned a myriad of other possibilities, from tourist hotels to outsourced call centers.

By that Christmas, Mills and her team had identified four key pillars for aid — health, energy, agriculture and security — that promised what seemed like the highest return, and were preparing to send a report on the new Haiti strategy to the National Security Council for review. Bill Clinton's hands-on approach had also begun to pay off: Two international hotel chains had committed to projects in Haiti, and new industrial parks were in the works with interest from American, South Korean and Irish investors. The Vietnamese military was in negotiations to buy a controlling share of Haiti's state-owned telephone company, and the Hotel Montana in Port-au-Prince was making plans to open a shopping arcade.

Then came the earthquake. The tragedy put "a dent in expectations," as one State Department official puts it, but it "didn't completely destroy the underlying economic opportunities." Immediately after the quake, in fact, Bill Clinton was not only talking about Haiti's reconstruction but was casting the tragedy as an opportunity for the country to "re-imagine" itself, using a modified version of the Collier plan that had already been endorsed by both the U.S. and Haitian governments. "Is this going to be hard? Yes," Clinton said in a teary-eyed interview with *The Miami Herald*. "Do I think we can do it? Absolutely, I do."

Around the same time, Hillary Clinton met in Montreal with representatives from a long list of donor countries and financial institutions to begin to plan for Haiti's reconstruction. Bill Clinton, meanwhile, attended the world economic forum in Davos, Switzerland, where he appealed to private-sector leaders to invest in Haiti as part of what Clinton and others would

call a new "Marshall Plan." A 56-page document, known as the "Action Plan for National Recovery and Development," was released in March 2010. Its author was Haitian Prime Minister Jean-Max Bellerive, a European-educated technocrat, well liked by the international donors, with support from officials at the World Bank and the U.N. The vision represented a radically overhauled Haiti: a country bursting with mango-processing plants, fish farms, solar-powered irrigation facilities, industrial parks and duty-free zones, financed, to a large degree, by the private sector. "The plan suggests social engineering on a vast scale," noted *The Washington Post*, "which would involve levels of public and private investment in Haiti never really imagined before."

role, and Bill Clinton is at his best when he plays it."

Bill Clinton was already a major donor in Haiti, bestowing hefty grants through both the Clinton Bush Haiti Fund and the William J. Clinton Foundation. Now, as co-chair of the IHRC, he would have final approval, with Prime Minister Bellerive, of every major reconstruction project. It was an extraordinarily powerful position for a single person to hold. It was also, to many minds in both Washington and Port-au-Prince, the best possible arrangement given the circumstances. "Bill Clinton is the most powerful advocate that Haiti is ever going to have," says Johnny Celestin, a Haitian-American investor who heads a private philanthropy called the Haitian Fund for Innovation. "We can't let this opportunity pass."



"BUILDING BACK BETTER"

The Iron Market in Port-au-Prince, rebuilt by Haiti's largest private company, is one of the only projects completed in the city.

Leshe Voltaire, a former Haitian minister and U.N. envoy who consulted on the plan, put it more succinctly. "Disaster," he said, "is a terrible thing to waste."

SHORTLY AFTER THE RECOVERY plan was unveiled, the Haitian government announced the creation of the Interim Haiti Recovery Commission, a new oversight body charged with managing the reconstruction. Though its members were roughly split between Haitian officials and international donors, it was clear from the outset that Bill Clinton, who was appointed co-chair, would drive the IHRC. "There is a degree of political pressure that only President Clinton, and Secretary Clinton, can exert on the Haitian government," says Sam Worthington, the CEO of InterAction, a consortium of American-based relief organizations. "It's a crucial

Still, handing over that much power to Clinton made others nervous. "Behind closed doors, the feeling of the Haitian government was this was just another foreign group they'd given permission to come in and take over their country," says a senior international aid official. "But what could they do? The Haitian government knew it didn't have the capacity to tackle this reconstruction on its own."

Much of the work of coordinating the recovery effort fell to Cheryl Mills and Rajiv Shah, the newly appointed head of USAID. Neither Mills nor Shah, a 38-year-old physician and food-security expert who had worked for the Gates Foundation, had any disaster-response experience. Shah, in fact, had been at his post in the State Department less than two weeks when the earthquake hit. "It all happened so fast. You do your absolute best and listen and try to make the right decisions," says Shah, who had received an orientation to USAID's emergency response "situation room" the day before the earthquake. "The initial goal was to save lives, move quickly, and be coordinated and aggressive in the response. If you look at the response from

early January to the middle of March, it all came together in a pretty coordinated way, given the challenges."

Moving beyond emergency relief, though, proved next to impossible. Aid groups were maddeningly disorganized, and the Haitian government was overwhelmed. While President René Préval had given the recovery commission the authority to oversee the reconstruction, final approval on every project had to be given by Haitian ministries, most of which were so broken that they could barely support a staff. "There just aren't a lot of talented bureaucrats," says an aide to Bill Clinton. "And the ones they do have are so busy putting out day-to-day fires, they don't have time to do any planning."

The dysfunction, say reconstruction officials, was like nothing they'd ever seen. "I wish I could organize a trip of Tea Party activists and take them to Haiti, so they could see what happens if they have a

politicians who provide lucrative government contracts in exchange for patronage. Some of those same influential Haitians owned much of the land now needed to house refugees – and with national elections coming up that November, government officials weren't going to alienate their major benefactors. "Préval wasn't about to go around seizing up property," says a U.N. official who has spent much of the past year trying to find land for resettlement camps. "It became readily apparent that he was not going to do anything to offend his supporters."

With the Haitian government in disarray, some 98 percent of foreign aid was directed to partners more trusted by donors – mostly to the NGOs, which had worked in Haiti for years. But these groups, while experienced in relief, were not as knowledgeable about what it takes to rebuild a nation. "I got a call from a U.N. agency asking me how to buy equipment for rubble remov-

former U.S. ambassador to the African Union and an undersecretary at USAID during the Bush administration. "The first is to establish a clear chain of command; the second is to establish a gatekeeper function that tells everybody – other than those people who know what they're doing – to get out of the way. There are a number of very competent and experienced people at USAID who know how to do this work and could have easily done the job. Unfortunately, what you seem to have had with Haiti is a lot of new people who were not in the business of disaster relief and who took this as an opportunity to learn."

BY THE SPRING OF 2010, IT had become clear to many observers that imposing a lack of expertise on a situation that required a tremendous amount of it had become a hallmark of the State Department's "results" strategy. There was significant grumbling in aid circles, for example, when the department awarded a \$1.5 million contract to a New York-based consulting firm called Dalberg Global Development Advisors. Glenn Smucker, an anthropologist who specializes in Haiti, was asked to brief the Dalberg team, which included several summer associates from Harvard Business School. "They were nice people, but they struck me as naive about Haiti," he says. "They asked the appropriate questions and were eager to learn, but from what I gathered, they had never lived overseas, didn't have any disaster experience or any background in urban planning, and they'd never carried out any program activities on the ground. Only one of them spoke any French. They were being asked to do extremely important things that they had no background to do."

One of Dalberg's assignments was to do an assessment of a broad, bow-tie-shaped swath of land near the Corail camp, where thousands of Haitians had moved earlier that spring. Even as refugees were streaming onto the land and establishing squatter camps, the State Department hoped to create new communities in the area as part of an attempt to depopulate Port-au-Prince. It was the second time in three months that consultants had assessed the area, and after Dalberg was finished, a team of experts from USAID was brought in to reassess the assessments. "One of the sites they said was habitable was actually a small mountain," says Bill Vastine, one of the experts on the USAID team. "It had an open-mined pit on one side of it, a severe 100-foot vertical cliff, and ravines." After looking at the photos in Dalberg's report, he said, "it became clear that these people may not even have gotten out of their SUVs." The process of assessments and reassessments dragged on for months. In the end, only one of the six

"I wish I could organize a trip of Tea Party activists and take them to Haiti," says one veteran aid worker, "so they could see what happens to a country with no government."

country with no government," says Earl Kessler, an urban-disaster consultant for USAID. A central complaint was the lack of strategy: The "Action Plan," while laying out the core priorities for Haiti's recovery, didn't go into many specifics. That left it up to Haiti's ministries to devise their own plans. Some, like the health and agriculture ministries, came up with robust strategies. But in other key areas – housing, debris removal, waste management – nothing happened. Some Haitian ministers simply refused to pick up the phone; others demanded large payoffs before they'd sign off even on small plans.

"I've had two ministers come up to me this week, personally, and ask what's in it for them," says a frustrated IHRC official. "But that's how this game gets played down here. He who has the most money buys the best minister, and gets the work. And since money grows on trees in this disaster, the attitude among Haitian officials is: Just call up your buddies in Washington, and they'll send another check."

Then there was another major obstacle to reconstruction: the Haitian ruling class, a handful of prominent industrial families that collectively control most of the country's wealth. Haiti's elite has maintained dominance for generations through strategic alliances with Haitian

al," recalls Michael Wyrick, vice president of the Haiti Recovery Group, a disaster-recovery firm that has been vying for debris-removal contracts in Haiti. "These guys were essentially planning to start a new company: They were looking to purchase equipment, hire management personnel, rent office space. Much of the money on these contracts to NGOs goes to their overhead. Before long, you've spent tens of millions, and what's really been done?"

Things weren't moving much faster in Washington. Cheryl Mills had marginalized many of the bona fide experts on Haiti at USAID, leaving her with a random assortment of aid officials, many from far-off posts like Panama and South Africa. For insight, she scoured the research on previous recoveries: How long did it take for the debris to be cleared after the tsunami in Indonesia? What about Katrina? It took more than two years to remove the rubble from Ground Zero, she learned from her reading, and the World Trade Center still wasn't rebuilt. While aid officials with long experience in disaster relief understood that Haiti would be a five- or 10-year effort, Mills, without prior experience in disasters, had no idea what was "normal" in such a situation.

"There are a few things you must do in disaster relief," says John Simon, the

sites approved by Dalberg was deemed viable for relocation.

Vastine says the entire process could have been avoided if USAID had simply relied on its own surveys of the area, which had been done on a regular basis for the past 50 years. "I kept telling these State Department people to go and look in their frickin' filing cabinets, but it fell on deaf ears," he says. "It was truly astonishing to me. The amount of previous study on Haiti is immense. But there was no reflection on the existing knowledge base. Instead, they would go out and hire some company to the tune of half a million dollars to barge in equipment from the United States and go punch some holes in the ground, even though we already knew what was down there. Then they'd hire some Ph.D. to study it for six months and do a PowerPoint presentation. Haiti doesn't need any more Ph.D.s to study it. What it needs are some professionals who know what they're doing to go out and do the goddamn work and rebuild it."

Vastine is sitting in the IHRC's headquarters, a large Quonset hut on the grounds of the former U.S. Embassy compound in downtown Port-au-Prince. The place feels like a deserted wind tunnel. A year after the quake, only half of the IHRC's core posts had been filled, making it almost impossible to assess, let alone approve, reconstruction proposals. Within its first year, the IHRC greenlighted just 86 proposals, many of which had been in the works before the quake. When I meet Vastine just before Thanksgiving, he tells me that he had arrived at work that morning to find a "strategically placed dead body" lying in the street just outside the compound. "Kind of says it all, don't it?" he says.

Bill Clinton, by all accounts, was equally frustrated with the slow progress of reconstruction. But Clinton himself did not become the semipermanent presence many Haitians had assumed he would. Instead, Clinton's role was taken on, to a large extent, by staffers with little background in development or disaster management. Laura Graham, Clinton's 38-year-old chief of staff and chief point person for Haiti, was his former White House scheduler. Clinton's director of foreign policy, 34-year-old Amitabh Desai, had been one of Hillary Clinton's legislative aides, and before that an intern in Ted Kennedy's office. "It was a dual problem, really," a U.N. official says of the Clinton Foundation staffers. "First, they had no background in development—they didn't know what they were talking about in aid

or humanitarianism. Second, they didn't even realize it. They had come to Haiti in their suits convinced they were going to fix the place, and then they looked really confused when we would try to explain to them why the ideas they came up with on the back of an envelope on the plane over wouldn't work."

Graham maintains that the Clinton Foundation has "extensive experience in post-crisis management and development." The foundation's role, she adds, "is to assist the Haitians, not to prescribe or implement solutions unilaterally." But on the ground in Haiti, Clinton's surrogates managed to alienate almost everyone with whom they came into contact. "When you listen to President Clinton, his

Sean Penn also defends the State Department's efforts and believes the reconstruction effort is about to turn a corner. "Cheryl Mills is one of the most valuable players in Haiti," he says. "She has made an incredible impact despite the things that have gone wrong. She's out there pushing people's buttons, and she has been able to get things done when others couldn't. Cheryl Mills is someone Haiti needs right now."

Penn himself, by most accounts, has been one of the most effective players in Haiti. Some celebrities who threw themselves into the relief effort, like Wyclef Jean, quickly discovered that even the best-intentioned efforts to mobilize resources can go disastrously wrong, undermined by mismanagement and corruption. But Penn, who arrived in Haiti a week after the earthquake with a team of doctors and rescue workers he had rounded up, forged a bond with both the U.S. military and with Dr. Paul Farmer, the well-known advocate for Haiti's poor. At first, many veteran relief workers were wary of Penn. "For all the usual reasons,

I was skeptical of a movie star working in Haiti," admits Ivers, the senior health and policy adviser for Farmer's organization. "I doubted his motivation, and I was frustrated that I couldn't do

what he was able to do." But Penn soon impressed Ivers and others with his ability to break through bureaucracy, and humanitarian officials now refer to his golf-course settlement, with its hospital, school, well-maintained water and sanitation, as a "five-star camp."

Such individual efforts, however, have not been enough to help the 680,000 Haitians who remain stranded in temporary camps. Tim Schwartz, an American anthropologist who was doing a housing survey for USAID, recalls a meeting of key development officials he attended in October, 10 months after the earthquake struck. "USAID basically announced that the mission was failing," he says. At the rate they were going, U.S. officials observed, it was going to cost \$1.2 billion to keep Haitians in the camps like Corail for another year. "They were blowing through the money, and they couldn't afford to maintain the system like it was," Schwartz says. "They desperately wanted to get out from under this."



FROM POP STAR TO PRESIDENT Michel Martelly, one of Haiti's most outrageous musicians, underwent an extreme makeover to get elected as the country's right-leaning, pro-business president.



Many USAID officials wanted to return Haitians to their homes, a project that would require rebuilding close to 100,000 damaged houses that were still considered salvageable. To begin the project, the government hired Kit Miyamoto, a California structural engineer, who assessed the damage and trained Haitian builders to begin the repairs. "People don't want to be in the camps - they want to get the hell out of there," Miyamoto says. "What they are looking for is assistance to make their homes more secure. There are people lining up to come back to repaired houses." In fact, he adds, every person whose house was fixed left the camps and returned home.

But only a few thousand such homes, as of May, had been repaired, and millions of dollars have meanwhile been diverted to other "shelter solutions." At one U.N. meeting in Haiti, everything from earthen huts to vinyl-sided igloos were proposed as

mechanisms we have in the U.S. in most parts of Haiti. Simply to build the infrastructure would cost tens of millions of dollars." The entire "core home" project, which cost \$53 million, according to Vastine, wound up spending about a third of the money trying to replicate American-style toilets for Haitian refugees. "It was ridiculous," says Vastine.

It was also telling. "You have to wonder what is going on here," says Alisa Keeseey, the program director of Give Love, an NGO that focuses exclusively on sanitation issues. "Millions of dollars were spent on the predevelopment of that project. What did they think they'd do - give people pit latrines, then suck out the waste and put it in the ocean? The big question is how serious they really are about 'building Haiti back better' - because at this rate, they're building back exactly the same, with bigger and better slums."

"Haiti doesn't need any more Ph.D.s to study it," says a relief expert. "What it needs are some professionals who know what they're doing to go out and rebuild it."

part of a grand project to reimagine Port-au-Prince. With the streets still buried in mountains of rubble, some planners even floated ideas for "model communities" that would include high-rise apartment towers, walking paths, ample green spaces and tennis courts. It was as unrealistic as it was predictable. "Everyone comes to Haiti with some kind of plan to 'save' it and do all these nice things for the poor people," says Schwartz. "But it never works. You're never going to turn Port-au-Prince into Santa Barbara."

Increasingly, aid workers and experts like Schwartz watched as plans for new communities were proposed and then scratched - sometimes because the land was not available, other times for more prosaic reasons. Sanitation remains a major problem. There is no functioning waste system outside of Haiti's cities, making toilets that rely on water impossible. In the Croix de Bouquets area near Port-au-Prince, where USAID intended to build dozens of small dwellings known as "core homes," planners had come up with an alternative solution - compost toilets - but USAID wouldn't accept it. "They claimed it didn't comply with U.S. codes," recalls Vastine, who spent months working on the project. "But you cannot provide the kind of toilet

IN 1994, WHEN I FIRST VISITED Haiti, Port-au-Prince was a city of 750,000. By 2010, the population had ballooned to 3 million. People lived practically anywhere, often building small homes on the sides of the hills. This was easy to do, given Haiti's lax building codes - even the hills of Pétionville, once an exclusive enclave, were filled with deeply impoverished neighborhoods known as *bidonvilles*, inhabited by far more people than the terrain could support.

One area that was particularly devastated by the earthquake was Ravine Pintade, a densely populated community built directly into a rocky slope. Two-thirds of the homes in Ravine Pintade were destroyed, and many of the surviving homes were in need of extensive repair. This presents a unique opportunity to "give people something they've never had," Ann Lee, the American field-office director for CHF International, the NGO that has been working most diligently in Ravine Pintade, tells me one day. We are walking through the area, across precarious cliffs that, on closer inspection, turn out to be the remains of decimated homes. The place looks like a bomb site. But within a year, Lee pledges, CHF and other NGOs will have turned Ravine Pintade

into a functioning community with clean water, trees and footpaths.

Haitians have grown accustomed to greeting such bold promises with skepticism: Although CHF has been meeting on the project since June 2010, the rebuilding progress in Ravine Pintade has been painstakingly slow. Lee admits that the organization, a vast NGO with relief operations in 25 countries around the world, has never done "micro-urban planning," as she calls it - nor have the half dozen or so other NGOs planning similar projects in Port-au-Prince. "It's a complete learning experience for all of us," she says. All that's needed to make the project a reality, she adds, are more funds.

Critics regard such claims with amusement: CHF, which works out of two spacious mansions in Port-au-Prince and maintains a fleet of brand-new vehicles, is generally considered one of the most ostentatious NGOs in Haiti. It is also one of the largest USAID contractors in Haiti and enjoys a cozy relationship with Washington: Its president and CEO, David Weiss, is a former State Department official and lobbyist. "There is a shocking lack of transparency and accountability in aid, and it's crystallized in this relief effort," says Schwartz, the anthropologist. "For an NGO in Haiti, the criteria for success is raising money, filling out paperwork and making sure the money is 'accounted for' - meaning they can show donors that they spent the money. But nobody goes out there and judges the project, or even verifies that the project exists. In the majority of the cases, nobody even talks to the community."

Bertin Voise, a 30-year-old carpenter, lives with his wife and five other members of his family in the courtyard of what was once a spacious home in Ravine Pintade. It is now marked with a giant red "X," signifying that it is not only irreparable but a hazard. Standing outside his broken house, Voise tells us that he has every intention of rebuilding it, as soon as he has enough money. This clearly bothers Lee, who has just finished explaining how CHF wants to raze houses like his and replace them with two-story steel-framed plywood shelters. While the construction of new homes is taking place, Lee wants to move everyone into temporary shelters in the area - what she calls "T-shelter hotels." She seems excited by the idea. Voise, who would have to relinquish his four-bedroom home for one slightly larger than a doghouse, is unmoved.

"Most of these NGO people genuinely dupe themselves into thinking this is really going to work," says Schwartz, who spent six months on a USAID-funded survey of Port-au-Prince's housing. What he found is that roughly 85 percent of Haiti's damaged homes, including those deemed irreparable, have been reinhabited by people who either returned to them from the

camps or, as with Bertin Voise, never bothered to leave them in the first place, despite warnings that a strong storm could collapse what remains of the structures. Such a disaster, notes Schwartz, could be avoided if money were invested in repairing the homes rather than replacing them. "We have to listen to these people," he says. "They are telling us what they want, and we are ignoring it. That's the real tragedy."

What Haitians want most are jobs. Even as people languish in the camps in Port-au-Prince, the U.S. has increasingly worked to expand economic opportunity outside of the capital. Last year, Secretary Clinton, through Cheryl Mills, worked for months to broker a deal with Sae-A, a Korean garment manufacturer that had expressed interest in building an industrial park in Haiti to manufacture clothes for Gap and other clients. In January, a day before the one-year anniversary of the earthquake, the State Department announced that a deal had been reached to build the park in the northern Haiti "export zone" near Cap-Haïtien. The park promised 20,000 new jobs. "I know a couple places in America that would commit mayhem to get 20,000 jobs today," Bill Clinton said at the signing ceremony, flanked by Prime Minister Bellerive and the chairman of Sae-A.

In Port-au-Prince, however, the one true achievement of "building back better" was engineered not by the Haitian government or the IHRC or the State Department, but by Haiti's largest employer – the telecommunications giant Digicel. The company's founder, Denis O'Brien, is a major Clinton Foundation contributor and chairman of the Clinton Global Initiative's Haiti Action Network, a consortium of largely private-sector partners who have committed more than \$224 million to reconstruction projects. In February 2010, only a month after the earthquake, O'Brien embarked on a project to rebuild the Iron Market, a 120-year-old marketplace in downtown Port-au-Prince, contributing \$12 million of his own money to do so. The project took just 11 months. Bill Clinton, who has cast O'Brien as the model philanthropist, lauded the Irish billionaire as a "catalyst" for positive change. The reconstructed landmark was the only project "of any scale" to be completed in Haiti, said John McAslan, a British architect whose firm worked to restore the Iron Market. "It's amazing it's been so fast," he said. "It could have taken five years without such a determined client."

As such, the Iron Market, an ode to commerce and entrepreneurial drive, is also a pointed symbol of the disproportionate influence that foreign corporations wield over the future of Haiti. Under what might be called the "New American Plan," reconstruction is driven not primarily by the dictates of democracy but by the de-

mands of the bottom line. "Ultimately it all comes down to governance," says Bishop, the co-author of *Philanthrocapitalism*. "There was this tremendous outpouring of goodwill after the earthquake, and this idea of 'build back better' caught on – but for all their consultations, no one really found out what the Haitian people's concept of build back better actually was."

In the absence of government leadership, Digicel has become an influential force in Haiti. The company, which arrived in the country only five years ago, is now its largest taxpayer. It has also built its own infrastructure, outside of the government's purview, constructing roads to and from its various sites, and powering its reception towers with generators whose annual diesel costs run into the millions. With more than \$400 million invested in Haiti, Digicel is now expanding its brand by building schools, distributing tents, providing cholera-education

many as the people's choice, was edged out by a rival, government-backed candidate in the first round. The recount was needed, Cheryl Mills explained at the time, to ensure that the people of Haiti got "the kind of leadership that they need in the future." Martelly also received robust support from Digicel and other private-sector interests.

A political novice sometimes described as the Ronald Reagan of Haitian politics, Martelly was an unorthodox if telling candidate to lead the new Haiti. An imposing man with a striking bald head, he was a celebrity who used his star power to appeal to Haitians across a wide political spectrum. Martelly made his name singing *koupa*, an Afro-Caribbean genre beloved throughout the country. For years, he'd been one of the most popular entertainers in Haiti, famous for his rum-swilling Carnival act, in which he would pull down his pants, make crude remarks about women and dance in a kilt. Openly

Haitians know from bitter experience that the business-friendly model of development currently being touted as their salvation has repeatedly failed them in the past.

materials and sponsoring contests to promote Haitian entrepreneurship. Digicel's bright-red banners and logos are far more prominent than any other symbol in Haiti – even more, it's often been said, than the Haitian flag. Throughout Port-au-Prince and its refugee camps, Digicel salesmen drawn from the ranks of the homeless operate thriving businesses. In Sean Penn's camp, for example, one enterprising Digicel representative has set up a cellphone-repair shop under a tree.

"People love Digicel," says Schwartz, "and that's because Digicel is involved in the community. They sponsor a soccer team, they have parties, and they make a lot of money, but they also connect with the Haitians." Recently, Digicel started giving free phone credit to people who make a tremendous number of calls, often to relatives in the United States. "If Digicel could run for president of Haiti," says Schwartz, "it would win."

The man who was actually elected president in April – the 50-year-old singer Michel "Sweet Micky" Martelly – also offers an indication of how little control Haitians are likely to have over their own future. The United States, along with Canada and the European Union, invested roughly \$29 million in the elections, pushing for a recount when Martelly, viewed by

disdainful of Haitian politics, he admitted to having smoked pot and crack cocaine in the past. His anti-establishment rhetoric appealed to Haitian youth fed up with the status quo. But Martelly, who had supported the military coups that had twice overthrown the democratically elected leftist government of Jean-Paul Aristide, was also attractive to right-wing Haitians and Duvalierists, embracing distinctly authoritarian policies like reinstating the Haitian army, an organization responsible for years of brutality.

To Mills and others in the Obama administration, Martelly seemed to be a man of action. "There was a great deal of frustration among international actors that the current Haitian administration couldn't just take land under eminent domain to dump rubble or build housing," says Maguire, the chairman of the Haiti Working Group. "Martelly set himself up as the antithesis, he was going to be the 'decider,' and they embraced him."

Martelly also positioned himself as a friend to U.S. business interests, which won him support from right-wing think tanks like the Center for Strategic and International Studies. A conservative Washington operative named Damian Merlo, who advised John McCain on foreign affairs in 2008, became Martelly's campaign

manager. The U.S. consultant quickly reshaped the candidate's image, replacing the flamboyant "Sweet Micky" with the more sober "Michel Martelly," whose conservative blue suits, red ties and reading glasses spoke of a serious candidate promising a "results-oriented presidency" focused on fighting government corruption and restoring order to Port-au-Prince.

With a sudden influx of \$6 million into his campaign from American backers and the Haitian diaspora – and with Haiti's largest political party excluded from the vote, effectively disenfranchising a large swath of the poor – Martelly won in a landslide. Many Haitians, however, questioned the legitimacy of the elections, and America's role in determining the outcome. "For the U.S., elections have no meaning other than to create the image that Haiti is democratically run," fumes Alex Dupuy, author of *The Prophet and Power: Jean-Bertrand Aristide, the International Community and Haiti*. "The interest of the U.S. in Haiti is to have a government that is compliant. They pushed for Martelly, and now they are expecting him to do their bidding – and he is."

MARTELLY WAS INAUGURATED as Haiti's 56th president on May 14th, in a ceremony in front of the still-shattered National Palace. In his inaugural speech, he made a point of saying that Haiti, as he put it, was now "open for business." A few days later, he nominated his friend Daniel Rouzier, the top executive of the private energy company E-Power, to serve as his prime minister. A graduate of Georgetown and Dartmouth, Rouzier is a member of Haiti's new cosmopolitan elite, one interested less in politics than in fully integrating Haiti into the global economy.

Shortly after being nominated, Rouzier announced that Haiti would disband the Interim Haiti Recovery Commission, which he dismissed as "dysfunctional." His assessment concurred with the findings of the U.S. Government Accountability Office, which noted in a report released in May that the IHRC was "not fully operational" more than a year after its creation. Nor will it likely ever be, the GAO suggested, as the commission's charter was set to expire this October. "I don't mean to crucify the people who came up with the concept," Rouzier said, "but sometimes when something doesn't work, you have to fix it."

Hours after Rouzier blasted the IHRC, however, Martelly's office rushed to walk back the criticism, maintaining that the Haitian government remains "very open and willing to begin discussions" to make the IHRC "more efficient." In July, when Martelly agreed to a year's extension for the relief commission, the message was

clear: The U.S. government and private-sector interests like Digicel had found a friendly ally in the new Haitian president.

Rouzier's nomination was ultimately blocked by the Haitian Parliament, which is controlled by rival parties, and Haiti remains without a prime minister – a political vacuum that has only increased the sway of the private sector and the IHRC. In June, Martelly kicked off a project called Building Back Better Communities, funded in part by the Clinton Foundation, which seeks to construct 400 new homes in 100 days, using designs and structural engineering provided almost solely by foreign firms. The following month, he unveiled a plan, conceived by Miami architect Andrés Duany and sponsored by Britain's Prince Charles, to rebuild downtown Port-au-Prince as a series of "urban villages," each with its own separate condominiums and neighborhood-watch committees. The Clinton Bush Haiti Fund, which raised \$50 million earmarked specifically for emergency-relief efforts, meanwhile, raised eyebrows by investing \$2 million to finish the construction of a luxury hotel in Pétienville. The 130-room Oasis "symbolizes Haiti 'building back better' and sends a message to the world that Haiti is open for business," declared Paul Altidor, vice president of the Clinton-Bush Haiti Fund. "For Haiti's recovery to be sustainable," he added, "it must attract investors, businesses and donors, all of whom will need a business-class, seismically safe hotel."

Haitians, however, know from bitter experience that the business-friendly model of development currently being touted as their salvation has repeatedly failed them in the past. In the 1970s and 1980s, during Haiti's industrial heyday, tens of thousands of rural residents flocked to Port-au-Prince in search of jobs. Many settled in Cité Soleil, an isolated shantytown on the edge of the city that had been created to house workers for the type of factories located in the so-called "export processing zone," much like the one that was promised to the thousands of Haitians who flocked to Corail. But the factories soon closed in the midst of Haiti's political upheaval, and today Cité Soleil is the capital's largest and most notorious slum, one of the poorest and most desperate places in the Western Hemisphere. There are few Digicel banners here, and the ghetto is considered a "red zone," too dangerous for most relief agencies to enter. A few workers from Doctors Without Borders have struggled to contain the flow of cholera into Cité Soleil's lone hospital.

To veteran Haiti watchers, Cité Soleil offers a stark lesson in the danger of relying on grandiose notions about the largesse and staying power of the private sector. "If you want to see what Haiti will look like in 20 years, all you have to do is go down to Cité Soleil," says Schwartz,

the anthropologist. "In the past 50 years, very little has changed in Haiti. There is absolutely no reason to believe that the projects the international community is building today are any different. Maybe even worse." Recently, Schwartz was out looking at the new T-shelters being built in Corail – essentially tiny plywood boxes with tin roofs. "They look like rows and rows of garden sheds," he says. "What do you think this is going to look like in 10 years? You don't need a degree in urban planning to anticipate a new Cité Soleil. If you want to understand the future, just look at the past."

During the past decade, Cité Soleil has been the site of Haiti's worst gang warfare, and the young men who live here remain stigmatized by the violence. "When you say you come from Cité Soleil, people think you are a gangster or a kidnapper," says a 32-year-old Haitian rapper named Tche-Ke, whose brother, in fact, was a notorious gangster. Tche-Ke eschews violence and spends whatever money he makes from his music and other odd jobs on neighborhood kids, 10 of whom he is putting through school. Despite being spared in the earthquake, much of the slum is paved with crumbling asphalt, and some areas remain submerged under several feet of mud. Green slime coats the puddles, and strewn across an open field, a cornucopia of garbage and broken glass goes unnoticed by the Haitian children who use one part of it as a soccer field, another part as a toilet. "Do you smell it?" asks Tche-Ke. The stench is overpowering.

At the end of one muddy path is a tiny makeshift shack, where a young mother named Denise lives with her two toddlers and 10,000 flies. Like many Haitians I meet, Denise says she has faith: Jesus will soon give her a new home. Then she points to a somewhat larger shack next to hers – a roofless hut fashioned from a USAID tarp draped over some plywood. With no money to finish it and no job, she struggles to scrape together the \$10 a month in rent she pays for the privilege of living in her shack.

This, then, is the legacy that decades of foreign investment have bestowed on Haiti: a brutal and intractable poverty, borne of a disastrous mix of well-intentioned aid and profit-driven development. Every decade or so, it seems, the world comes up with a bold new plan for saving Haiti – and each ultimately proves as ineffective and fleeting as the last.

As Denise talks, a pig snuffles in the dirt next to her infant son, who is gravely malnourished. A large white UNICEF vehicle, a rare sight in the neighborhood, drives slowly past. A woman from the relief agency peers out of the window, her expression one part revulsion and another part fear.

Then she moves on.

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Meet the Texas young gun taking the blues to nasty new places

Gary Clark Jr.

★★★★

Bright Lights Warner Bros.

BY WILL HERMES



When was the last time a young blues guitarist really blew your mind? Sure,

there's the Allman Brothers' Derek Trucks, who comes at the form in a jam-band context. Jack White filters the blues through garage rock and punk; the Black Keys' Dan Auerbach through those and other pop styles; Ben Harper takes more of a folky singer-songwriter tack. But a genuine 21st-century bluesman, raised on the form in all its rough-neck roadhouse glory but marked by the present day? That's been as hard to find as a 21st-century clockmaker.

No longer. The first thing you hear on Gary Clark Jr.'s four-song calling-card EP is a nasty, fat-assed electric-guitar tone, which the 27-year-old honed as a Texas teen playing clubs like Antone's, Austin's blues church. On the title track, Clark stretches that tone like taffy, swings it like a bullwhip, spits it out in bursts of distortion. It's the blues, no doubt: Clark sings, "Ended up with the bottle/Taking shots, waiting on tomorrow/Trying to fill up what's hollow," over a snarling groove, confessing his intoxication with "bright lights, big city" like Jimmy Reed and Mick Jagger did before him. But the music is noise-soaked, psychedelic and shape-shifting, the guitar as much Kurt Cobain as Buddy Guy and Albert Collins, the drums smack-

ing and slipping with hip-hop break-beat muscle.

Clark has been a local treasure for years; his breakout moment was at Eric Clapton's Crossroads Festival last year, where he played alongside Clapton and Sheryl Crow. Now, with a major-label deal and a kickass rhythm section behind him, he's fixing to blast himself out of the barrooms and onto bigger stages.

Bright Lights is a good start. "Don't Owe You a Thang" is a shit-hot boogie that club DJs need to hear — you can imagine it dropped into a house mix and all hell breaking loose. "When My Train Pulls In" is an eight-minute solo showpiece with echoes of Jimi Hendrix's "Castles Made of Sand." But the biggest surprise is when Clark purrs "Things Are Changing." An R&B slow jam with gentle, jazzy guitar, it sounds like John Legend making ladies swoon at the local coffee shop. Suddenly you can envision him duetting with Adele, swapping tunes with Jack Johnson or singing hooks for Nas.

The most exciting thing about Clark is that he could steer his career in any direction — or perhaps *every* direction: This is a guy who loves Nirvana, Tupac, Stevie Wonder and the Ramones, along with John Lee Hooker and Howlin' Wolf. His live gigs prove he's got more great tunes up his sleeve: Check out gems like "If You Love Me Like You Say," a Collins tune that Clark periodically splinters into the kind of multiguitar blues abstractions Miles Davis explored with his Seventies electric bands. The challenge for Clark will be finding a road map. All four songs here are about standing on the brink of change, knowing it's coming, tasting it. As Clark declares on "Bright Lights," without an iota of doubt, "You gonna know my name by the end of the night." Can't wait for the album.

Key Tracks: "Bright Lights," "Things Are Changing"

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Malkmus' Mellow Gold

The Pavement hero celebrates middle age with loopy wit and elegant guitar jams

Stephen Malkmus and the Jicks

★★★★½ Mirror Traffic *Matador*



He doesn't look a day over 37, but Stephen Malkmus is the grand old man of indie rock. With Pavement in the Nineties, he gave underground noise a shot of romance and style, setting the banquet table for Vampire Weekend and Arcade Fire, and Pavement's 2010 reunion tour soaked up a tidal wave of love. On his third disc with Portland cronies the Jicks, Malkmus, 45, revels in this emeritus status, luxuriating in Seventies guitar majesty and irony-free gorgeousness. "Forty with a kid, living on the grid," he notes. There's as much liberation as resignation in that line.

Mirror Traffic is Malkmus' most varied post-Pavement record. Beck produces with a light touch, and Malkmus spools out well-crafted folk tunes, loopy wit, finely wrought prog fantasias and laser-show axmanship. On "Senator," the album's most explosive song, Malkmus' guitar throws fire as he shouts, "I know what the senator wants/What the senator wants is a blow job!" It's a monster jam for the Weiner summer.

Mostly, though, the album hints that Malkmus' softer side has become his best side. The guy really is a nuanced guitar player, possibly the most underrated of his generation; "Stick Figures in Love" has an album's worth of interwoven prettiness. Elsewhere, he writes about intimacy with a middle-aged realism that suggests Paul Simon — see "Brain Gallop," about trying to restart romance when "there's not much left inside my tank today." Malkmus shows you don't have to move to the woods and house squirrels in your beard to prove you're a sensitive male. Alterna-dad elegance will do.

Key Tracks: "Senator," "Tigers," "No One Is (As I Are Be)"

JON DOLAN



LAIID-BACK GUITAR HERO
Malkmus (center) with the Jicks

Joss Stone ★★★

LPI Stone'd/Surfdog
Brit songbird changes gears, kicks up a bluesy storm



Allow Joss Stone to reintroduce herself: On *LPI*, her first disc for her own label, the 24-year-old Brit takes a blowtorch to her increasingly smooth soul-pop sound, unloading 10 tracks of lowdown blues. The producer here is Dave Stewart (who, along with Mick Jagger, is also Stone's bandmate in the new group SuperHeavy). For *LPI*, Stewart brought Stone to Nashville, where session stars provided the Stevie Wonder boogie on "Karma," one of many tracks pairing sweet grooves with her hot temper ("Karma's your master, and you're the bitch"). Stone is best when she's rawest, bookending *LPI* with "Newborn" and "Take Good Care," stripped-down tunes where her howl goes from plaintive to bone-shaking in a few lovesick heartbeats.

CARYN GANZ

Key Tracks: "Karma," "Newborn," "Take Good Care"

DJ Khaled

★★★★

We the Best Forever

Cash Money/Young Money/Universal Republic

Miami DJ throws party, invites Lil Wayne, Cee Lo, Mary J.



"If you ain't talkin' money, we ain't talkin'!" "We'll be legendary!" When DJ Khaled speaks up on a record, you can expect an exclamation point (or six) to be attached. Khaled isn't exactly a musician. He's a personality, a ringleader, a brand. He gets just three co-producer credits here. Mostly his job is to gather A-list MCs and singers (Drake, Cee Lo, Mary J. Blige, Lil Wayne), reel in skilled producers (Danja, Lex Luger) and bellow exclamatory catchphrases over enormous beats. As usual, his imperial victory-march hip-hop songs are fun, and mildly exhausting.

JODY ROSEN

Key Tracks: "I'm on One," "Welcome to My Hood (Remix)"

TOP SINGLES

Girls ★★★★★ "Vomit"

Don't let the title turn you off: The first taste of the San Francisco band's new LP is a lovesick mini-epic that has nothing to do with retching. Christopher Owens moans softly, sounding as lonesome as anyone since Neil Young made *On the Beach*. But then waves of harmonies and fuzzed-out guitar lift him up to a state of gospel-tinged ecstasy.

SIMON VOZICK-LEVINSON

Evanescence

★★★ "What You Want"

On the lead single from Evanescence's third album (and first in five years), Amy Lee trades anguish for defiance, goosing her wail with welcome sass. Still, she's nearly overrun by the music, a collision of two-ton guitars, strings and piano.

NICK CATUCCI

Bon Iver ★★★★★ "Come Talk to Me"

This B side revives a 1992 Peter Gabriel original with acoustic banjo plucks and Justin Vernon's layered cries. When Vernon sings, "The heart, it will not be denied/Till we're both on the same damn side," and summons the yearning chorus, it's damn near unearthly.

MONICA HERRERA

Pusha-T feat. Tyler, the Creator ★★★★★ "Trouble on My Mind"

They don't sound troubled, actually. This is a model of unruffled swagger, with the Clipse's Pusha-T unfurling crack-rap metaphors and gloating over bin Laden's death, while Odd Future's Tyler, the Creator brags about sexploits - and, for some reason, his "ironed pair of Dockers."

JODY ROSEN

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Jane's Addiction Aim for the Stars

Jane's Addiction ★★★★★ "Irresistible Force"

This single - from *The Great Escape Artist*, Jane's Addiction's first album in eight years, due September 27th - comes on like an art-metal freak show set on some distant planet. It opens with Perry Farrell sounding like Carl Sagan in an episode of *Cosmos*, musing ominously about the stars and some sort of big bang. Co-producer Dave Sitek (of TV on the Radio) adds his signature drone funk, as the band backs Farrell's ponderings with a rubbery bass line and some clattering percussion. But then Farrell unleashes that familiar majestic bray of his, asks whether we wonder what the band looks like naked (uh, that horse has left the barn, dude) and announces, "God is a real man." Or is it "God isn't real, man"? Whatever: Grant guitar swarms from Sitek and Dave Navarro soon blow away Farrell's philosophizing.

WILL HERMES

Feist Returns With Bruised and Bluesy Slow-Burner

Feist ★★★★★ "How Come You Never Go There"



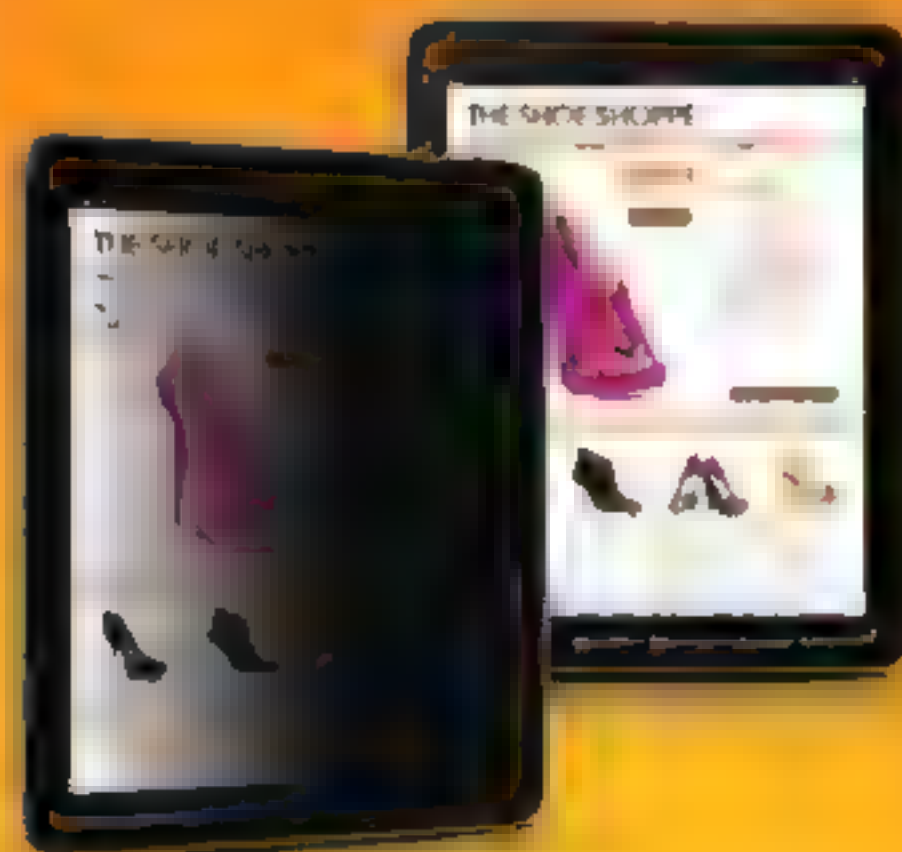
Leslie Feist

It ain't exactly a party-starter. The first single from *Metals*, Leslie Feist's hotly anticipated third album, is a total downer, a bruising ballad about a fracturing romance. ("How come you never go there?/ How come I'm so alone there?" Feist sings.) But the music is riveting: a tense soul-blues vamp, spiced with horns and raggedy electric guitar, with Feist's clear, piercing voice - at once sad, remorseful and accusatory - demanding your attention all the while.

J.R.



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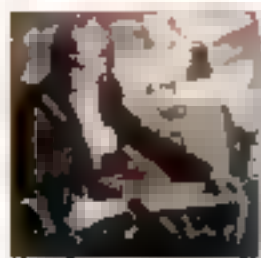
REVIEWS MUSIC

Jeff Bridges

★★★

Jeff Bridges *Blue Note/EMI*

The Dude turns singer with affable country-rock set



Jeff Bridges isn't only a singer on-screen; see his 2000 indie LP, *Be Here Soon*, featuring "Movin'," a charming (if awkward) reggae jam, and his soulful honky-tonk contributions to the *Crazy Heart* soundtrack. Sure, this album gains depth from his film history — these laid-back country-rock songs suggest a cleaned-up Bad Blake, or a Dude with ambitions beyond the bowling lanes. But with T Bone Burnett's production and vocal assists from Rosanne Cash and Sam Phillips, Bridges' leathery voice makes this music sound lived-in. The Everly Brothers-style "What a Little Bit of Love Can Do" is the highlight, a pep-talk-turned-come-on from an earthy singer as affable as his film characters. **WILL HERMES**

Key Tracks: "What a Little Bit of Love Can Do," "Either Way"

Seasick Steve

★★★½

You Can't Teach an Old Dog New Tricks *Third Man*

Dave Grohl's favorite aging bluesman gets the spotlight



This American-born singer-guitarist was a working bluesman in the late Sixties. With better luck, he might have been a revival star like John Hammond or Taj Mahal. Instead, Seasick Steve (real name Steven Wold) has won recent acclaim in the U.K. without easing up on his Delta-purist vigor. His first U.S. album has the fun and fury of his gigs, plus bass and mandolin work by Led Zepelin's John Paul Jones, a notable seal of approval. There's gratitude, too, in "Days Gone" and the ballad "It's a Long Long Way," the sound of a man who knows his fortune came just in time. **DAVID FRICKE**

Key Tracks: "Days Gone," "It's a Long Long Way"

Gucci Mane and Waka Flocka Flame

★★

Ferrari Boyz *1017 Bricksquad/Warner Bros*

Southern-rap brawlers unite for chest-thumping tedium



Don't expect innovation from these titans of Southern rap. Instead, brace yourself for chanted celebrations of money, cars, cocaine, and Waka and Gucci themselves. Gucci delivers mush-mouthed lines like "I'm not a blogger/I'm not a jogger/More like a mobster." Waka raps circles around him on songs like "Suicide Homicide," but nothing rises to the level of Waka's thunderous 2010 solo album — maybe because young-gun producer Lex Luger is absent. Instead, the tracks are pale imitations of the hyper-speed high-hat-and-bass sound Luger originated — fitting accompaniment for two MCs coasting by. **EVAN SERPICK**

Key Tracks: "15th and the 1st," "Suicide Homicide"

Serengeti

★★★½

Family and Friends *Anticon*

Chicago MC makes bad vibes into hypnotic story-songs



Five years ago, this Chicago rapper made *Denehy*, a truly great concept album about a friendship between a working-class white dude and a troubled teen MC. His 10th album is concept-free, but no less distinct. Over atmospheric beats that clatter and drone, Serengeti drops left-field references (Counting Crows, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle) and sad stories: a father and son bond over smack; a hapless liar maintains two marriages; and, in "The Whip," a broken-down UFC fighter obsesses over what might have been. It's by turns weird, pretty and deeply humane — the sound of an arty rhyme junkie letting his mind wander all over. **CHRISTIAN HOARD**

Key Tracks: "The Whip," "Godammit," "PMDD"

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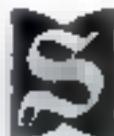
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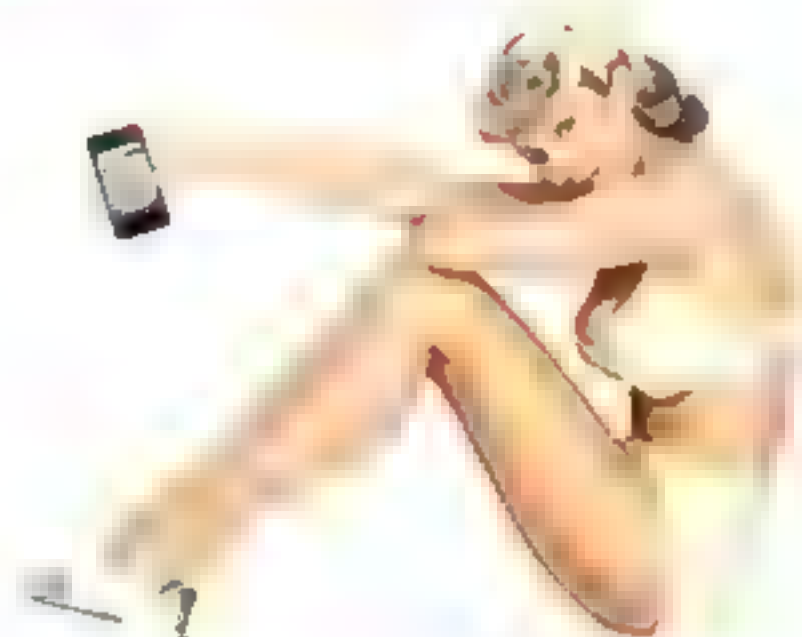
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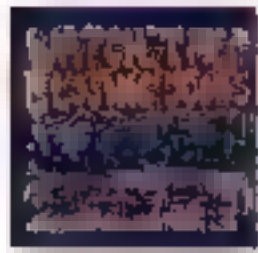


Various Artists

★★★★½

Watch the Closing Doors: A History of New York's Musical Melting Pot Vol. 1 1945-59 *Year Zero*

Hugely ambitious set covers New York's finest, weirdest



Attempting to represent 65 years of music born in New York in a set of compilation CDs is indeed "insane," to quote the liner

notes. But what makes this debut volume so fun, and the series so promising, is that canon-making gets trumped by vibe. So you get Duke Ellington ("Take the 'A' Train"), Frankie Lyman ("Why Do Fools Fall in Love?") and John Cage ("Indeterminacy [Part 2]"). But you also get drummer-bandleader Cozy Cole, whose raunchy 1959 instrumental "Bad" nails the city's pre-Sixties swagger; singer/civil rights activist Josh White, a hero of the Greenwich Village folk revival; and electronic-music pioneer Raymond Scott, the Brooklyn-born inventor known for his soundtracks to Looney Tunes cartoons. A 68-page book provides backstories, while the tracks tell tales that roar like subway cars. Bring on Vol. 2.

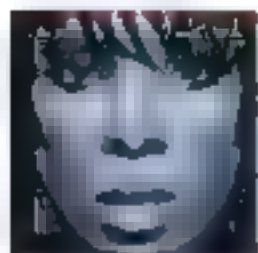
WILL HERMES

Key Tracks: "Take the 'A' Train," "Bad," "Howl," "Mambo Mucho Mambo"

Kelly Rowland ★★★

Here I Am *Universal Motown Republic*

Destiny's other child offers surefire hooks, different looks



"I'm dat chick," crows Kelly Rowland on the opening track of her third album. Is she, though? Rowland has always been

dat other chick, unable to shake the shadow of former Destiny's Child co-star Beyoncé. On *Here I Am*, the title telegraphs the message – ladies and gentlemen, the real Kelly Rowland – but the 2011 model sounds just about the same as the Rowland of *Ms. Kelly* (2007). She's a strong, agile R&B vocalist who generates little excitement – adept, but not convincing, playing the club diva (in the David Guetta-produced Euro smash "Commander") and the sexual aggressor ("Work It Man"). Rowland is at her best when she's milder, on her Number One R&B/hip-hop hit "Motivation," with Lil Wayne, and the lovelorn ballad "Keep It Between Us." She's not quite dat chick – but not everyone has to be an alpha female, after all.

JODY ROSEN

Key Tracks: "Motivation," "Work It Man," "Commander"

BOOKS



David Bowie: Starman

★★★★

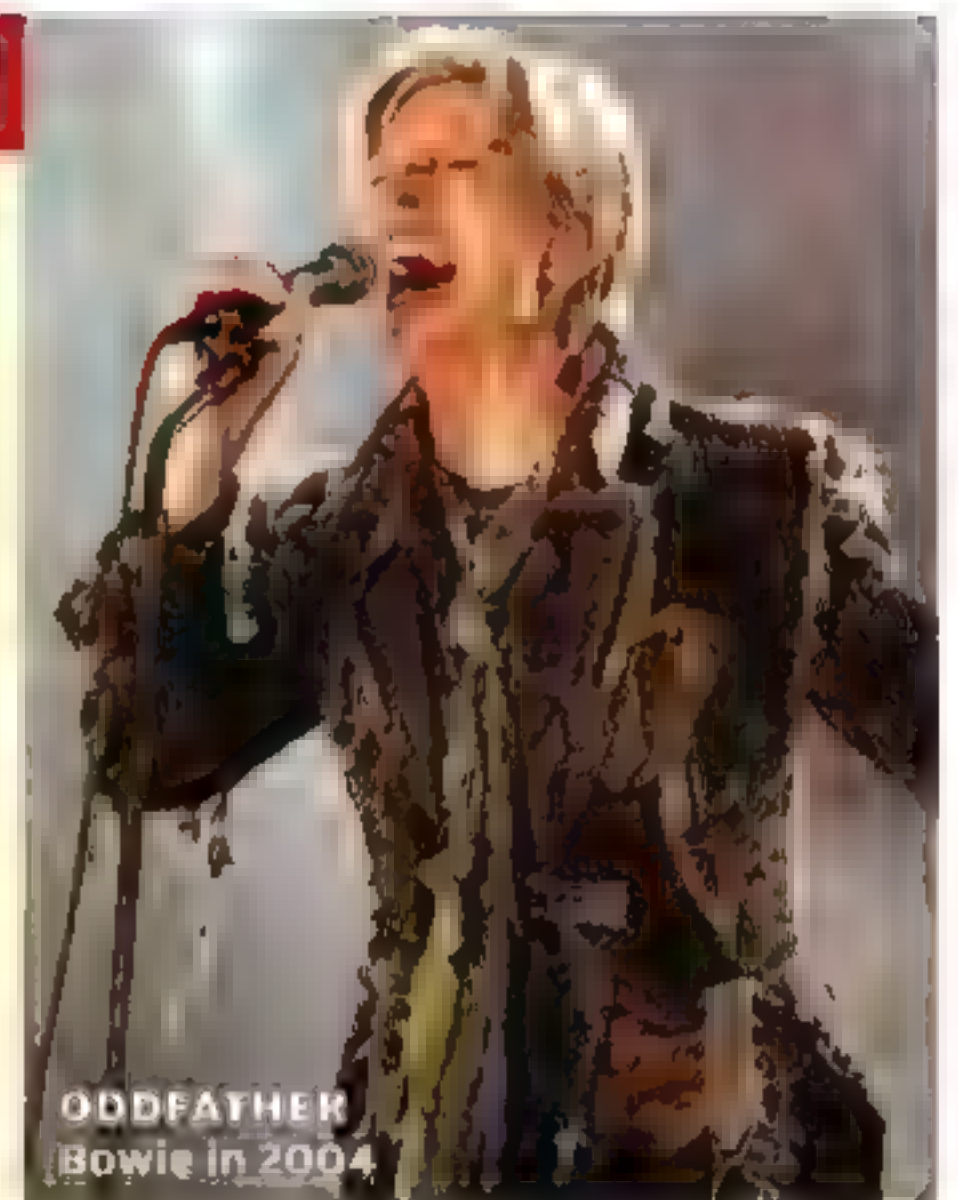
Paul Trynka *Little, Brown*

Over the past 45 years, David Bowie has gone through countless incarnations: Ziggy Stardust, Aladdin

Sane, the Thin White Duke, film star, New Wave icon, revitalized rock veteran and 21st-century recluse. In this biography, British rock journalist Paul Trynka captures seemingly every glitter-god pretension and Lycra outfit, interviewing scores of friends, bandmates and detractors. The result is the most complete and compelling portrait of Bowie's life ever assembled.

How deep does Trynka go? For starters, he tracks down the kid who punched 15-year-old Bowie in the face in a fight over a girl, permanently disfiguring his eye. He also gives ample room to the critics who see Bowie as a musical vampire who's spent decades absorbing the ideas of others (Marc Bolan, Mick Ronson, Iggy Pop) and passing them off as his own. But Trynka is a staunch Bowie defender: "In reality, he rarely took from [his collaborators] – he inspired them to summon up ideas that would never have existed without him."

The most fascinating bits come between 1969 and 1983, when Bowie made his best music, with the help of heroic amounts



ODDFATHER Bowie in 2004

of stardust. (At one point in the mid-Seventies, he was in such a deep state of cocaine psychosis he thought that aliens were controlling his TV.) But Trynka's not able to fully explain the most perplexing Bowie mystery: Why did he stop making music? Bowie abandoned his career in 2004, partly because of a heart attack he suffered on tour. His fans were left crushed and bewildered. "There was a growing consensus among fans and business figures that this man was not maintaining his work," Trynka writes. "That it was like a grand estate with weeds sprouting in the garden and paint flaking from the window frames."

ANDY GREENE

TOTALLY AGAVE. TOTALLY SMOOTH.



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Two Monster Mash-Ups

One's epic big, the other for damn sure isn't. Guess which one kicks ass? By Peter Travers

Cowboys & Aliens ★★

Harrison Ford, Daniel Craig
Directed by Jon Favreau

THERE'S ONE MAD, WICKED scene in this seriously under-spiced Old West barbecue when UFOs swoop out of the sky using wires to lasso cowboys off their horses and suck them into their vessels for God knows what. That we never see the guts of the what is part of the frustration that nags at the wussified PG-13 *Cowboys & Aliens*. It looks slick, pricey and starry – Indiana Jones teams up with James Bond for a gunfight with space demons. But even Harrison Ford and Daniel Craig can't save a movie that's all concept, no content.

Director Jon Favreau, tasked with corralling dozens of producers and screenwriters, takes the no-risk tack of skimming the surface. My appetite was whetted when gunslinger Jake Lonergan (Craig) wakes up in the desert beaten bloody with no memory of who he is. On his wrist is a newfangled bracelet

that Q might have cooked up for 007. It's an alien-zapper, which Jake will figure out later. First, he needs to kill a few varmints, hit the town of Absolution and tangle with Woodrow Dolarhyde (Ford), a cattle

baron with an unhinged son (Paul Dano). Ford looks fired up for villainy. Craig is ready to take him on. And Olivia Wilde gives an air of mystery to a woman who is more than the whore she's taken for.



Attack the Block ★★★★★

John Boyega, Jodie Whittaker Directed by Joe Cornish

Aliens rip the bloody hell out of gangbangers in the London projects. Done on the indie cheap with untold riches in ballsy imagination, this knockout creature feature busts the Hollywood chops of *Cowboys & Aliens*. It's hot, fierce, funny, vicious and ready to bite, baby. *Attack* gets its teeth from writer-director Joe Cornish, in a smashing debut.

Keep an eye on John Boyega, 19, a fireball with serious acting skills. He plays Moses, the leader of a gang that mugs a nurse (Jodie Whittaker) and ends up the block's only chance against furry aliens with DayGlo chompers and startling symbolic heft. OK, no more spoilers. This movie wants and needs to come at you like a beast in the dark. Allow it.

And then what? The aliens come, kidnapping much of the colorful supporting cast, including Keith Carradine as the sheriff. I especially missed Dano, who shows a mesmerizing mean streak. As for the monsters, except for the creepy deformed little hands that emerge from their chests, they're not really scary.

Worse, the character build-up in the early scenes goes for nothing. Craig moons over his dead wife. Ford turns mushy, delivering lessons on manhood to the sheriff's cute grandson (Noah Ringer). Ah, jeez.

The gifted cinematographer Matthew Libatique (*Black Swan*) lights Ford and Craig like Western giants against the rugged landscape. It's a setup for an epic showdown. What we get instead is drained of daring, much the way Favreau reduced *Iron Man* to formula in the sappy sequel. The mash-up of cowboys and aliens doesn't do either camp any favors. How are we supposed to work up a rooting interest when both sides are shooting blanks?

The Help ★★★½

Viola Davis, Emma Stone

Directed by Tate Taylor

A DEEPLY TOUCHING HUMAN story filled with humor and heartbreak is rare in any movie season, especially summer. That's what makes *The Help* an exhilarating gift. It could have been a disaster. Kathryn Stockett's debut novel riled a few critics. The gall of Stockett, a white woman from Jackson, Mississippi, to think she could get inside the heads of black maids serving white folks during the early 1960s. The dialect ("Yes, ma'am," "sho-nuff," "Lawd have mercy") probably helped Stockett get more than 60 rejections from literary agents. But her book, published by Penguin in 2009, touched a raw nerve that led to bestsellerdom and a frank admission from Stockett about how she could never truly understand what it felt like to be a black woman in Mississippi at the dawn of the civil rights movement. "But trying to understand," Stockett wrote, "is vital to our humanity."

Solid point. And the film version of *The Help*, directed and written – at Stockett's request – by the relatively inexperienced Tate Taylor (her friend from Jackson), does full justice to that intention. Short on style and flashy technique, *The Help* on film compensates with genuine emotional force.

The actors are sublime. Start with the brilliant Viola Davis (*Doubt*) as Aibileen Clark, the housekeeper who's helped raise 17 white children for various families but is still reeling from the accidental death of her only son. Aibileen bites her tongue when her employer (Ahna O'Reilly) ignores her own baby girl and Aibileen's feelings when she's relegated to the new bathroom outside Aibileen's best friend, Minny Jackson (an award-caliber performance from Octavia Spen-



HARD QUESTIONS In *The Help*, Davis (above) wonders about the motives of the white women she serves. In *30 Minutes or Less*, Ansari and Eisenberg (left) face off against a time bomb.

cer), isn't one to hold back. The secret ingredient she pops in a pie for her racist boss (Bryce Dallas Howard, all-stops-out) earns its name as the "Terrible Awful." The fired Minny is forced to take a job with white-trash social outcast Celia Foote, who could have been a bombshell cliché if the incandescent Jessica Chastain (*The Tree of Life*) didn't play her with such warmth and feeling.

The film's catalyst is Eugenia "Skeeter" Phelan (Emma Stone), a recent graduate of Ole Miss looking to spark a career in journalism by getting Aibileen and Minny to confide their feelings about working for white families in a changing South. Skeeter is a tricky part – white girl liberates en-

slaved black womanhood – but Stone, an exceptional talent, is so subtly effective at showing Skeeter's naiveté. It's Skeeter's job to first liberate herself from the bigoted codes passed on through generations, including her mother (Allison Janney) and Skeeter's own card-dealing, role-playing girlfriends. *The Help* tries to understand all of them. It's an intimate epic, not a historical one. And the tale written on the eloquent faces of Davis and Spencer speaks to the heart.

The Devil's Double ★★★½

Dominic Cooper

Directed by Lee Tamahori

IT'S A KILLER ROLE – LATIF Yahia, body double to Saddam Hussein's nut-case son Uday – and British actor Dominic Cooper crushes it. Hell, he crushes it twice, since he plays Latif and Uday. This is not the Cooper you saw prancing on the beach in *Mamma Mia!* This is a breakthrough star performance from a terrific actor getting a chance to let it rip. Just don't expect a docudrama. Director Lee Tamahori (*Die Another Day*) likes to get right

up in your face as Uday rapes underage girls and tortures and kills with the same impunity. Latif is appalled by it all, except for Uday's mistress (Ludvine Sagnier), yet Uday will kill Latif's family if he doesn't play human target for an outraged populace. The movie is one hot mess, but the dynamite Cooper makes it work.

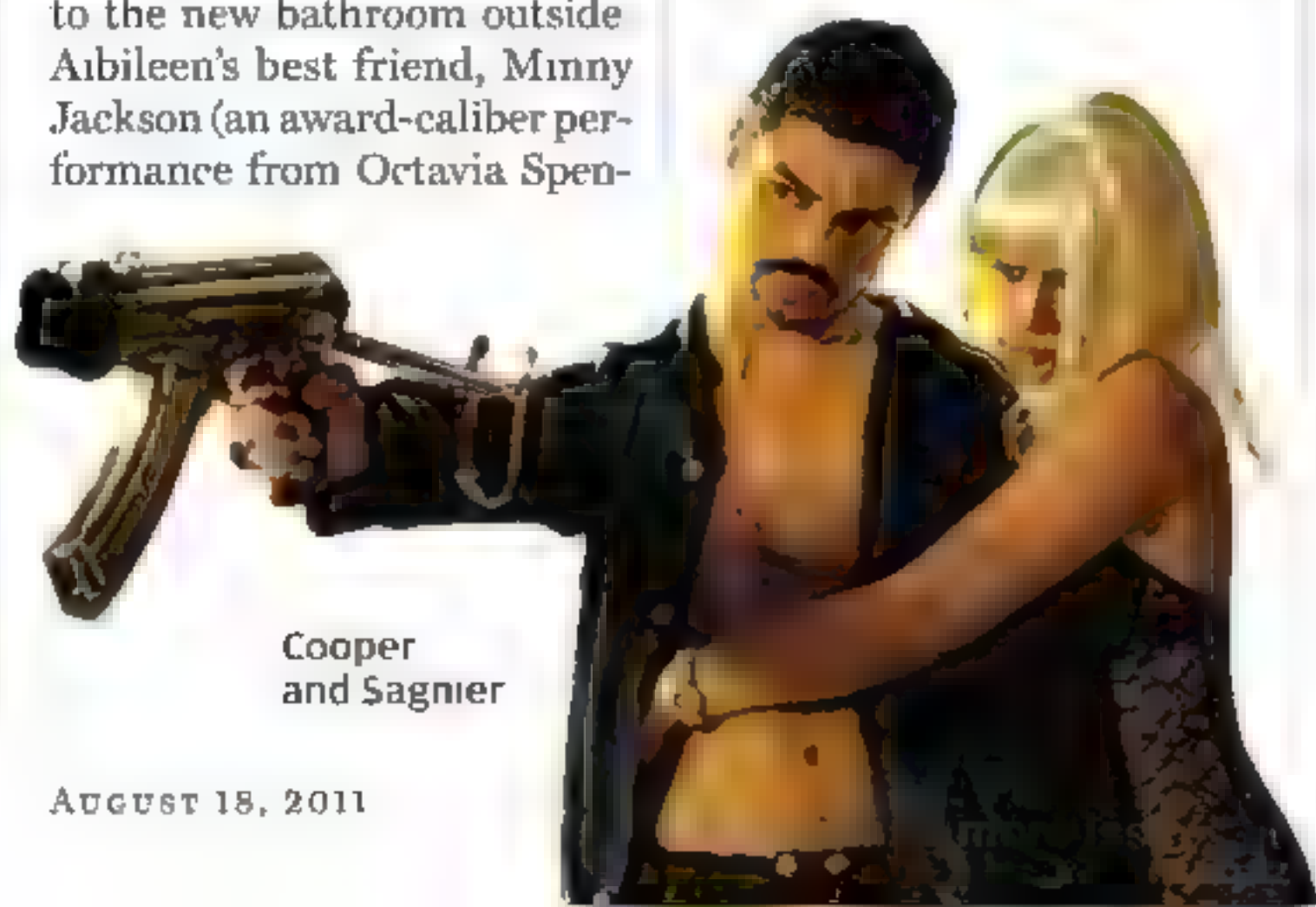
30 Minutes or Less ★★★½

Jesse Eisenberg, Aziz Ansari, Danny McBride

Directed by Ruben Fleischer

I HAVE NO FAITH IN MYSELF to speak cogently about what goes on in this fractured farce. But I do have faith in director Ruben Fleischer. Yes, I liked *Zombieland* that much and am eager for his next, *The Gangster Squad* with Sean Penn.

OK, I'm drifting. The facts: Jesse Eisenberg goes crazy cuckoo but will not win an Oscar nod, like he did for *The Social Network*, as Nick, a pizza guy who delivers in 30 minutes or less. Promises are forgotten as two scuzzballs, immortally scuzzed by Nick Swardson and Danny McBride, strap a bomb on Nick and force him to rob a bank. The plot is (very) loosely based on a real case with tragic consequences. The movie is just an excuse for laughs that come fast, fat and raunchy as Nick mixes it up with Chet (hilarious Aziz Ansari), a teacher who's Nick's bestie except when Nick confesses his erotic cravings for Chet's sister. The bomb? Fleischer isn't much on details. It's all about the zigzagging rush of the ride. Fair trade.



Cooper and Sagnier

FROM TOP: DREAMWORKS; WILSON WEBB; CO.; COLUMBIA PICTURES; SOF E VAN MEGHEM; IONSGATE

SHEEPDOGS

[Cont. from 54] 2010 album. Sitting in his basement man-cave, he says, "I guess my lyrics are subconsciously driven. I know it sounds arrogant, but I always felt like I had creative powers, like I had a good songwriting gift and a good voice and could create some tasty things, but after a while I just felt like it wasn't going to get across."

Currie is six feet three and barrel-chested; he's one of the younger members of the group but its undisputed leader, and writes all the songs. He still lives in his mother's house, which he sums up as "embarrassing." The basement is all his, and guitars, basses, an alto sax and other instruments are strewn on the garish red carpet. Against the wall is the PC that the band used to record *Learn & Burn*. He's wearing an Allman Brothers T-shirt, reclining on his La-Z-Boy. A Leon Russell record rests on his lap, and he's using it as a platform to twist a joint with a coconut-flavored rolling paper. "My Guy, My Girl," the mash-up by the Supremes and the Temptations, spins quietly on the turntable. His bookshelves are filled with paperback autobiographies by sports and music legends. "I love the salacious ones, like about the carousing '86 Mets," he says. "And as far as harrowing and shocking goes, David Crosby's book is up there with *Requiem for a Dream*." In an adjacent bedroom Currie sleeps alongside his prized possessions: more than 600 of his favorite LPs. Eyeing an old Band album, he sighs. "I hate to say it, but Levon Helm is my favorite," he says, singling out the only non-Canadian in the Band.

CURRIE INVITES ME TO HIS BACK patio - where his mom won't smell it - to smoke the tropical-flavored joint. There, he tells me his wildest dream: to travel to Memphis to visit Al Green's church and the Stax studios, and bum around the Deep South. Currie has written songs like "Southern Dreaming" and "Catfish 2 Boogaloo," but the contest-sponsored trip to Bonnaroo was the first time he'd been anywhere east of Austin and south of New York. "For some reason I've always found the South fascinating," he says. "As a kid, I listened to a lot of Creedence, a lot of Kinks, and the Stones when they were reflecting the blues. And I remember as a kid watching *Song of the South*, the Disney movie that you can't find anymore now because it's so racist." Their set at Bonnaroo was a smash success, with a crowd of 3,000 chanting "Sheepdogs" and waving Canadian flags. The only downside was that Currie was often confused for My Morning Jacket's Jim James.

Currie was born in Australia and moved to Saskatoon at age 11. He and Gullen attended different schools, but through a regional program they'd meet once a week

to rehearse in a concept band. "We both played clarinet," Currie says. "We were studs." Their friendship blossomed at Evan Hardy high school, where Currie played defensive line on the football team while also starring in shows like *Bye Bye Birdie* and *The Sound of Music*. Currie was inspired to start a rock group after seeing a terrible cover band play the Strokes' "Last Nite." "I was just like, 'Holy fuck,'" says Currie. "I could get up there and sing way better than this douchebag." Currie and Gullen reconnected at the University of Saskatchewan, where they met Corbett. "Sam had a gift certificate for a music store, so he rented a drum kit," says Currie, who recently earned a B.A. in psychology. "Ryan used Sam's old bass, and I'd just gotten an electric guitar. We were like, 'Hey, let's start a supershitty rock band!'"

They rehearsed in Corbett's parents' basement, where a "No farting" sign still

The Sheepdogs once drove 34 hours to a Toronto gig, only to find the club closed. (They peed on the door.)

hangs behind the drum kit. They worked out their own tunes and jammed on garage-band rites of passage like "Suzie Q" and "Sunshine of Your Love," as well as covering contemporary stuff like the Strokes' *Is This It*, early Black Keys and Kings of Leon's 2003 debut, *Youth & Young Manhood*. Soon they were honing their chops at open-mic Tuesday nights at Lydia's. They called their trio the Breaks, and released an EP in 2006.

During that summer, they spotted Hanson at a party playing acoustic guitar. "I was just jamming some Kings of Leon songs from their first album," says Hanson, whose nickname is Squirrel. "Then Ewan and Ryan and Sam just joined in. They knew all the songs. We were singing every part. We were smashed." Hanson ended up barfing in a popcorn bowl that night, but the next day he was in the band, and soon quit his job as a sheet-metal worker. They started touring constantly, venturing farther and farther away from Saskatoon, and rechristened themselves the Sheepdogs. "That's when we started the 'guitar-monies,'" says Gullen. "People really responded to that. All of a sudden we were making the kind of music we were listening to."


"The first paying gig we got was opening for the fucking Mudmen," says Currie, "a punk band with two fat, identical brothers who play bagpipes."

AT THE COPPER MUG, THE SHEEPdogs battle their hangovers with giant 32-ounce glass "schooners" of beer, 25-cent chicken wings and a plate of poutine, a local delicacy of french fries covered in cheese curds and brown gravy. Currie blasts CCR on the jukebox, and Charlotte, a redheaded waitress from the Yard, joins him for a low-key first date. As a decoration, the bar actually features a rusty trombone, which sparks a conversation about freaky sex lingo. Charlotte then ingratiates herself with the bandmates by asking if they've ever heard of a "Monroe Transfer," but she's too shy to define it.

We take a cab back to Broadway to check out open-mic night at Lydia's. "It's always fun to make fun of the open-jammers," says Hanson. (The Sheepdogs entertain themselves on the road by listening to shitty demos and tearing them apart.) Outside Lydia's a guy is playing the theme from *Deliverance* on his banjo, and inside a kid in a Strokes T-shirt warbles crappy emo songs. At about 1 a.m., the MC asks the Sheepdogs if they want to play. When they get onstage, Charlotte says, "From far away, they all look like Jesus."

In the past seven months, the Sheepdogs have gone from clubs to theaters to festivals, and they'll soon be rocking arenas. Tonight, though, they're back where they began, open-mic night. Corbett repositions the drums as the rest of the band tunes up borrowed instruments. Within a minute they've launched into a power set that includes "Who?" "How Late, How Long" and "I Don't Know." It's late, but the 30-odd people at Lydia's rush the stage and dance along. Currie plays an acoustic, sitting on a stool, and sings effortlessly, while Gullen thumps his bass and bounces to the beat. An old drunk headbangs along in the front. Hanson becomes frustrated when his acoustic slips out of tune and, mid-song, ventures into the crowd to find a replacement. The trio play on, and Hanson rejoins them with an electric, just in time for a blistering solo on "How Late, How Long."

For 20 minutes, the Sheepdogs can forget about their debt, the ROLLING STONE competition and a grueling 34-hour van drive to Toronto that awaits them.

"We are the Sheepdogs," Currie says between songs. "You might know us from the cover of Saskatchewan's *Fine Lifestyles* magazine." 

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CHARTS

ITUNES TOP 10 SONGS

- LMFAO**
"Party Rock Anthem" - Interscope
- Katy Perry**
"Last Friday Night (T.G.I.F.)" - Capitol
- Nicki Minaj**
"Super Bass" - Young Money/Cash Money/Universal Motown
- Hot Chelle Rae**
"Tonight Tonight" - Jive
- Bad Meets Evil**
"Lighters" - Shady/Interscope
- Lil Wayne**
"How to Love" - Cash Money/Universal Motown
- Pitbull**
"Give Me Everything" - Mr. 305/Polo Grounds Music/1
- Britney Spears**
"I Wanna Go" - Jive
- Adele**
"Rolling in the Deep" - XL/Columbia
- OneRepublic**
"Good Life" - Mosley/Interscope



COLLEGE RADIO TOP 10 ALBUMS

- Bon Iver**
Bon Iver - Jagjaguwar
- Washed Out**
Within and Without - Sub Pop
- Cults**
Cults - In the Name Of/Columbia
- Black Lips**
Arabia Mountain - Vice
- Handsome Furs**
Sound Kapital - Sub Pop
- Battles**
Gloss Drop - Warp
- Unknown Mortal Orchestra**
Unknown Mortal Orchestra - Fat Possum
- Yacht**
Shangri-La - DFA
- John Maus**
We Must Become the Pitiless Censors of Ourselves - Ribbon
- Shabazz Palaces**
Black Up - Sub Pop



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From the Vault

RS 480, August 14th, 1986

TOP 10 SINGLES

- Madonna**
"Papa Don't Preach" - Sire
- Peter Cetera**
"Glory of Love" - Full Moon
- Belinda Carlisle**
"Mad About You" - I.R.S.
- Steve Winwood**
"Higher Love" - Island
- Jermaine Stewart**
"We Don't Have to Take Our Clothes Off" - Arista
- Bananarama**
"Venus" - London
- Lionel Richie**
"Dancing on the Ceiling" - Motown
- Timex Social Club**
"Rumors" - Jay
- Berlin**
"Take My Breath Away" - Columbia
- Wham!**
"The Edge of Heaven" - Columbia



On the Cover
"Go to Kansas City - you've got plastic light boxes that say Radio Shack and Chicken-Bicken. If they had outlawed these light boxes, the world would simply look bigger. But we can't even get them to stop acid rain. How can you get them to think about what's beautiful?" -Jack Nicholson

Top 40 Albums

- 3 Adele**
21 - XL/Columbia
- NEW 2 Kidz Bop Kids**
Kidz Bop 20 - Razor & Tie
- NEW 3 3 Doors Down**
Time of My Life - Universal Republic
- 5 Beyoncé**
4 - Parkwood/Columbia
- NEW 5 DJ Khaled**
We the Best Forever - We the Best/Young Money/Cash Money/Universal Republic
- 1 Blake Shelton**
Red River Blue - Warner Bros. (Nashville)
- NEW 7 311**
Universal Pulse - 311/ATO
- 7 Jason Aldean**
My Kinda Party - Broken Bow
- 2ND 9 Amy Winehouse**
Back to Black - Universal Republic
- 10 Selena Gomez and the Scene**
When the Sun Goes Down - Hollywood
- 11 Bad Meets Evil**
Hell: The Sequel (EP) - Shady/Interscope
- 12 Lady Gaga**
Born This Way - Streamline/KonLive/Interscope
- 4 Chris Young**
Neon - RCA Nashville
- 2 Incubus**
if Not Now, When? - Immortal/Epic
- 6 Colbie Caillat**
All of You - Universal Republic
- 12 Jackie Evancho**
Dream With Me - Syco/Columbia
- 21 ↑ Bon Iver**
Bon Iver - Jagjaguwar
- 19 Mumford & Sons**
Sigh No More - Glassnote
- 23 Katy Perry**
Teenage Dream - Capitol
- 15 Justin Moore**
Outlaws Like Me - Valory
- 17 NOW 38**
Various Artists - Universal/EMI/Sony Music
- 24 Zac Brown Band**
You Get What You Give - Southern Ground/Real/Big Picture/Antalantic
- 8 Theory of a Deadman**
The Truth Is... - 604
- 16 Brad Paisley**
This Is Country Music - Arista Nashville
- 14 Jill Scott**
The Light of the Sun - Blues Babe/Warner Bros.
- 20 Scotty McCreery**
American Idol Season 10 Highlights - 19/Mercury Nashville/Interscope
- 18 Big Sean**
Finally Famous - G.O.O.D./Def Jam
- 27 Pitbull**
Planet Pit - Mr. 305/Polo Grounds/1
- 30 Taylor Swift**
Speak Now - Big Machine
- 9 Sublime With Rome**
Yours Truly - Fueled by Ramen
- 31 Nicki Minaj**
Pink Friday - Young Money/Cash Money/Universal Republic
- NEW 32 They Might Be Giants**
Join Us - Idlewild/Rounder
- 32 Adele**
19 - XL/Columbia
- 35 Foster the People**
Torches - Startime/Columbia
- 29 Bruno Mars**
Doo-Wops & Hooligans - Elektra
- 22 Shake It Up: Break It Down**
Soundtrack - Walt Disney
- NEW 37 Cold**
Superfiction - Eleven Seven
- 34 The Band Perry**
The Band Perry - Republic Nashville
- 53 Gillian Welch**
The Harrow & the Harvest - Acorn
- 40 Rihanna**
Loud - SRP/Def Jam



Open Door Policy
The latest from Mississippi rockers 3 Doors Down debuted with 60,000 copies sold - not bad, but less than half of what their last LP sold in 2008.



Simply the Best
DJ Khaled's guest-stacked fifth LP - including the Drake, Rick Ross and Weezy hit "I'm on One" - is his best yet, selling 53,000 copies.



Remembering Amy
Winehouse sales surged the week of her untimely death - Back to Black returned to the Top 40 for the first time in three years, selling 37,000.



Incubus Return
After a five-year wait, during which singer Brandon Boyd went to art school and made a solo LP, Incubus' latest sold 104,000 copies in two weeks.

00 Chart position on July 27th, 2011
00 Chart position on July 20th, 2011
NEW New Entry ↑ Greatest Gainer
2ND Re-Entry
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Billboard
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**“Tonight was incredible!
That’s what daddy likes.”**

-The Pirate Trifecta, Saint Louis, MO, Band of Buds 2010



“It’s a good day for beer and buds.”

-Synthetic Elements, Denver, CO, Band of Buds 2010



“This game is called WE WIN”

-The Mamas Boys, Phoenix, AZ, Band of Buds 2010



**“It said, ‘No shirt, no shoes, no service!
I didn't see anything about pants.’”**

-The Bayou Buds, New Orleans, LA, Band of Buds 2010



**“There are two types of people in the
universe: those who want to party with
my crew, and party-hating space mutants.
Whose side are you on, friend?”**

-The Inglorious Budsters, Phoenix, AZ, Band of Buds 2010

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